

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## £200 FOR NATURE LOVERS NEXT WEEK

### MODERN DICK WHITTINGTONS

THE COCKLE BOY WHO BECAME A MILLIONAIRE  
And the Viceroy Who was Once a Cabin Boy

### SPLENDID POSSIBILITIES FOR YOUTH AND INDUSTRY

The world has recently said farewell to a man of remarkable character.

George Frederick Sleight died a baronet, the owner of a fine estate and of the largest fleet of steam trawlers in the world. His fortune is believed to have amounted to a million pounds; yet he began his career as a hungry boy who earned a living by gathering cockles.

He was a seaside Dick Whittington, for he had the Whittington spirit of honourable enterprise. He put his first savings into a fishing smack, and when that prospered he bought more smacks, so that when steam became general as a means of propelling large ships, he had capital enough to build steam trawlers.

### Man Who Owned a Fleet

He fitted out the first of its kind that ever sailed from Grimsby in quest of fish. From one steam trawler he passed to the possession of many, and when war came he was able to place some 60 vessels at the disposal of the Government.

It is good for striving youth to know that merit and energy can, even in these days, raise their possessor from obscurity and poverty to eminence and wealth. Examples of the kind are not far to seek. Lord Reading, as we write, is entering India as Viceroy at the most critical time in the modern history of the Dependency.

Well, this is not his first arrival in India. He has been there before. But when he first saw the land of romance and mystery his ship was a little ocean tramp, and he a poor cabin boy on it.

### Lord Reading's First Voyage

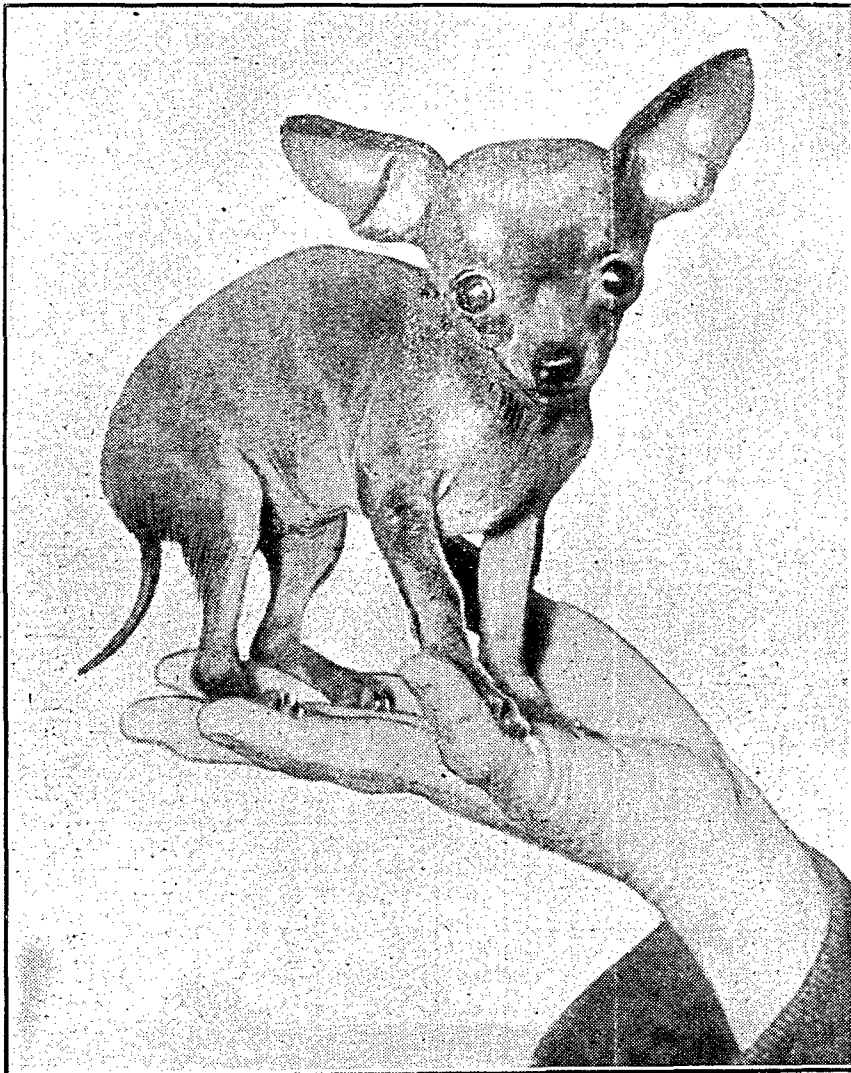
He was down below polishing up the brasswork in one of the cabins when that other little ship dropped anchor in Indian waters. Now he goes as the deputy of the King and the mouthpiece of Parliament.

It would need a powerful imagination to create a stranger life-revolution in fiction than that through which Rufus Isaacs, the poor Jewish cabin boy, has passed on his way to the position of Lord Chief Justice of England and Viceroy of the mighty Indian Empire.

Mr. James Sexton the other day was reminding the House of Commons of the time when he was a tramp.

Yes, in the agonising starvation of his youth, this respected member of Parliament was a famishing tramp, chased from barns by their owners, and eating turnips from the fields; and he has been telling how one night, as he slept in a haystack, rats fought inside his clothes for the food that he had hidden in readiness for the morrow's breakfast.

### The Smallest Dog in the World



By carefully selecting small parents again and again, as is done in the case of plants, dog lovers have produced a breed of dogs so tiny that they can stand in a lady's hand, as shown in this photograph. The dog weighs only 13 ounces

### THE VERY PERSISTENT MOSQUITO

#### Can He Be Driven Off?

The mosquito is again becoming active as the warm weather comes on.

A French scientist has been saying, in a lecture to the French Academy of Sciences, that if you keep rabbits or cows or pigs near at hand, you are much less likely to be assailed by the mosquito because he prefers the blood of these animals to your own. But is it so?

One man may smile at a hundred mosquitoes, while another will draw them to him as a flypaper draws flies, and neither rabbit nor cow will lure them from him.

This is the experience of a member of the C.N. staff who knows, and who has been sampled by the mosquitoes of many lands. They all regard him as their choicest morsel, whatever French professors may say.

He has found only one preventive device, a decoction of quassia chips rubbed on all exposed parts four times a day. That will ward off the most ferocious mosquito.

### MONGOLIA EXPELS THE CHINESE

#### Living Buddha Crowned as King

What has been happening recently in Mongolia is somewhat obscure, but apparently the country has expelled the Chinese troops and established an independent kingdom.

This has been done with the assistance of Russian troops who had crossed into the country, retreating before the Bolsheviks.

After acknowledging Mongolia as practically an independent country the Chinese troops advanced into the land again and reasserted Chinese possession.

A successful rising of the Mongolians has ended in a Chinese defeat, and the Living Buddha, Hutukhtu, has been crowned king, with the Russian general, Baron Ungern, as the commander-in-chief of the Mongolian army.

The Mongolian plan is to leave China alone and not provoke further war if China will leave Mongolia alone; and Chinese troubles, within China proper, make it unlikely that China will attempt a reconquest of this outlying region.

### AN IMPORTANT DOT

#### £9900 LOST THROUGH A MISPLACED POINT

Chancellor of the Exchequer Who Did Not Know Decimals

#### A CIPHER PROBLEM

The story is told of a famous Chancellor of the Exchequer that just before he went to the House of Commons to make his first Budget speech his secretary handed him the notes for the speech.

He looked through the sheets, and then said: "Yes, these seem to be all right, but I do not understand all these dots." The dots were the decimal points!

The importance of even dots in dealing with large sums cannot be over-estimated. A striking illustration of this has just come to light, though, in this case, it was not a matter of decimals.

The instance is that of the paying of £10,000 instead of £100—a mistake of £9900—through the misplacing of a dot.

Who made the mistake cannot be found out, for it occurred in a cipher cable from Murmansk, in Northern Russia, to the British Foreign Office in London, and all cipher messages are destroyed when they have been written out in ordinary words.

#### Need of Accuracy

The message was that 4000 roubles should be paid to a Russian officer in England, and this was put into cipher.

It may be that a mistake was made in changing the original message into the mystic language of the cipher, or that the mistake occurred in telegraphing the words of the cipher, or that there was an error in changing the words of the cipher back into plain words.

At any rate the request was changed from 4000 roubles into 400,000 roubles—that is, the right amount was multiplied by 100; and it all happened through the misplacing of a dot by somebody.

It is not often that so much depends on such an apparently small mistake, but we must remember that in everyday life things of great importance often depend on minute accuracy.

### THE PASSING OF A HERO

Another hero has passed away a martyr to the cause of science.

The hero is Dr. Ironside Bruce of Charing Cross Hospital, London, who did as much as any man in the whole world of science to improve the radio-apparatus used for the alleviation of suffering, and with his new and more powerful instruments he obtained excellent results.

But what in small doses proved so beneficial to the patients was fatal to the operator, who was constantly under the influence of the rays, and he developed pernicious anaemia, from which he died at the early age of 45.

His loss to the world is irreparable, for in all matters concerning X-ray treatment his judgment was unerring.



## BUTTERFLY WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

A COLLECTION THAT COST £60,000

Preserving the Rarer British Insects from Extinction

£14 FROM ONE CATERPILLAR

The other day in a London auction-room two butterflies were sold for £27, one for £14 and the other for a sovereign less.

They were male specimens of the beautiful Morpho butterflies of South America, and were captured in Peru. No more magnificent insects exist, their wings being lustrous with iridescent azure blue and mauve, and the prices they realised, though apparently high, were really quite moderate considering the expense involved in obtaining them.

Mr. C. Watkins, a London naturalist, made a ten-day mule journey into the interior of Southern Peru, cutting his way through dense, mosquito-infested jungle, and living for many weeks among savages, with cannibal tribes close by across a river. The two butterflies, therefore, really represented a large expenditure of money, a great risk to human life, and a thrilling adventure in a land cut off from civilisation.

### Butterfly Follows a Traveller

One of these splendid Morpho butterflies once followed the famous traveller Henry Savage Landor for days during his journey in unknown South America.

When he was on the march it flew just above his head, keeping pace with him, and alighted on his hand when he halted. At night he used to place the creature on his straw hat, and there it remained until the march was resumed on the following morning.

It was a pleasing experience, but at last it dawned upon the traveller that the butterfly was not following out of regard for him, but because it was attracted by the perfume of the scented soap he used at his morning toilet.

### Moth Nearly a Foot Across

At the same sale in London at which the Morpho butterflies were sold, one of the famous Attacus Atlas moths from the Himalayas, the largest-known species of moth, was also disposed of, for 30s. It measured nearly eleven inches across the wings. A pair of the largest-known species of butterfly, too, was sold for £5 10s. at this sale. The species, which was first found in New Guinea in 1906, has a wing expanse of 12 inches.

Some time ago, when a moneylender was suing for a debt in the Law Courts, it was stated that the defendant, who had an income of £20,000 a year, was spending £10,000 a year in collecting rare butterflies, and that his collection had already cost £60,000.

But one does not necessarily have to go abroad to find costly butterflies and moths. There are British butterflies which are now supposed to be extinct; and if a specimen could be found alive in England of, say, the large copper, it would be worth more than its weight in gold. There is no record of one being captured in England since 1865.

### Preserving the Swallowtail

Another British butterfly that has been very near extinction is the swallowtail, but, thanks to the valuable work of the National Trust, that looks after the preservation of places of historic interest and beauty, this fine insect has been re-established in a reserve belonging to the Trust, in the Fen district of Cambridgeshire.

Even English caterpillars may be very valuable. Mr. Leonard Tatchell of Wanstead, near London, collected a number of larvae of the common tiger moth, generally known as the woolly bear, and succeeded in rearing an extremely dark variety which, when sold by auction, realised £14, a record price for this species.

## GOOD-BYE TO THE STRAW HAT

An Old Naval Practice Abolished

It is not everybody who knows that a bluejacket in the Navy—who, by the way, does not wear a blue jacket—has, up to the present, had in his kit a straw hat and a hat-case.

When Jack goes ashore, and is seen in a familiar way, he wears a flat-topped blue cloth cap, with a white cap-cover in the summer; and that is how most of us think of him.

But when he is in harbour, or when he marches at a public ceremony, out comes the straw hat, and the gallant fellows then take on a different look.

Well, the straw hat is going. It is dismissed from the service "by order," and joins the blue jacket which the naval seaman once wore.

Some will regret the disappearance of the seaman's straw hat as an old custom connecting the Navy of today with the Navy of long ago, while others have long felt that it did not look a very workmanlike hat.

Picture on page 12

## OVERCROWDING IN THE AIR

Strap-hanging in an Aeroplane

To those who travel in our cities strap-hanging is no novel experience, it being an unavoidable evil owing to the great rush of people going homewards or citywards at certain hours of the day.

But strap-hanging has now spread to the air. Two British companies have again organised flying services between London and Paris, having been granted such help by the Air Ministry as to enable them to compete with the heavily-subsidised foreign air services between London and the Continent.

So great has been the rush for rapid travel at the new cheap rates between the two capitals that on one occasion recently more passengers booked for the journey than there was seating accommodation for, and so three people travelled from Paris to London standing in the gangway between the seats. Including the pilot and the wireless operator, there were no fewer than 15 people on board.

## THE LOST LEADER

Mr. Bonar Law Takes a Rest

The retirement, for a while, of Mr. Bonar Law from active work in Parliament has thrown light on one of the best features of British public life. It has shown that a large majority of the British people appreciate at their true worth all who serve their country faithfully.

No man has ever been told more clearly than Mr. Bonar Law how men of all parties feel towards him. His giving up the leadership of the House of Commons was so sudden and so unexpected that it startled everyone into outspoken sincerity. There was no time to think what had better not be said.

So, with one consent, all spoke with admiration of his attractive character, amazing industry, practical ability, and sterling services; and Mr. Law turned to his search for renewed health leaving the British Parliament pulsating with affectionate regard for him.

### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A painting by Romney . . . . .	£5250
A necklace of 79 pearls . . . . .	£4300
Pair of bronze gilt candelabra . . . . .	£4000
29 Adam chairs . . . . .	£1000
Marshal Berthier's bed . . . . .	£1000
Powell's The Passionate Poet . . . . .	£950
Peter Pett's book, Time's Journey . . . . .	£890
An Empire bookcase . . . . .	£500
A bed of Napoleon . . . . .	£290
A Worcester tea-service . . . . .	£289
Pair of Chelsea vases . . . . .	£236
Empress Josephine's armchair . . . . .	£200
Worcester tea-cup and coffee-cup . . . . .	£195
Small work-table by Sheraton . . . . .	£180
Three cottages at Driffild . . . . .	£50

## MAP-MAKING FROM THE SKIES

New System of Surveying

One of the new, practical forms of swift and effective work that has been introduced by the war is the surveying of land areas from above.

Hitherto surveying and map-making has been a laborious and slow process. Now it is possible to make a perfectly correct map, quickly and comparatively cheaply, by piecing together sets of photographs taken from an aeroplane.

This method, begun at the front, is being used with great advantage by various municipalities. Edinburgh, for instance, has just used it, and London is making its aerial map.

Of course, if photographs were taken slantingly the distances would give wrong perspectives; but the photographs are taken directly from above, and only the parts of the photograph underneath the planes are used.

## BOY WHO RACED WELLINGTON

The Great Duke at Play

In the eyes of the people of England there has never been a Duke to compare with Wellington; the Great Duke, as he was called, the Conqueror of Napoleon. Yet it is recorded that he could unbend and be playful when children were his companions.

Sir Algernon West, a noted civil servant who died recently at the age of 88, was fond of telling how, as a boy, he ran a race with Wellington from Walmer Church down a hill to Walmer Castle.

Of course, Algernon West was quite a little boy when he ran that race, for only with a small boy would the dignified Warden of the Cinque Ports be seen running a race. If young Algernon was five at the time, then Wellington was 68. Clearly, war had not hardened his heart.

## STATESMAN ON A CAMEL

Mr. Winston Churchill Has a Fall

Mr. Winston Churchill, whose journey to the East has as its main object the peaceful settlement of that restless region, continues his habit of doing several things at once.

Incidentally, he has been painting the Pyramids, using one camel to carry his outfit and another to carry himself.

The second beast proved unkind, and managed to dislodge his rider with a rude shaking; but the energetic Colonial Secretary did not care.

Not only did he make the sketches he had intended to make, but he rode the uneasy camel back to his hotel.

## SAVED FROM THE SHARKS

British Sailor's Heroism

A great pleasure-steamer's voyage from New York through the West Indian Islands was likely to be overshadowed by a tragedy.

When in a harbour of the Virgin Islands abounding with sharks, a little American lad, son of an American naval officer, fell into the water.

There were many on-lookers, but all seemed paralysed by the threatened horror except Seaman Shires of Liverpool, who at once plunged in and rescued the boy from a terrible danger.

It was a case of the British seaman's "Ready, aye ready!" even though sharks have to be faced.

### Pronunciations in this Paper

Appoggiato . . . . .	Ap-pohd-jee-ah-to
Buffon . . . . .	Boo-fon
Guanaco . . . . .	Gwah-nah-ko
Seneca . . . . .	Sen-ce-kah

## WHAT THE DRY WEATHER REVEALED

THE HOMES OF THE STONE AGE MEN

Lake Dwellings That Were Lost for Centuries

HOW WILD BEASTS WERE WARDED OFF

People in Switzerland have had a thrilling experience.

They have seen buried history, thousands of years ago, emerge from the waters. They have had a three-months' drought, broken now at last, with the result that the waters in the lakes have sunk, and, in many places, left their accustomed margins bare, and there, clearly revealed, have come to light houses in which old-time men dwelt.

Herodotus, the historian, who lived and wrote four centuries before the dawn of Christianity, left on record his knowledge of pigmies, whom none of us believed in until Stanley went in our own day and found them in Africa.

Herodotus wrote also of a village he had seen in Macedonia where men dwelt in houses built upon piles in the Lake of Prasias. That also had no meaning to us; we all thought it a fable.

### The Houses Under the Water

But midway through the 19th century there was a drought like that which has just been experienced. The Swiss lakes went down, and in the midst of them came to light the remnants of old houses and villages, built before civilisation had dawned in Western Europe.

Since then the subject has been worked out scientifically, and we find that it was the common practice for men to build their dwellings in lakes in Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Germany, Scotland, and Ireland, and possibly in England.

The ruins of these age-old habitations remain under the water. Wood, if completely immersed in water and never exposed to air, lasts long in such conditions; hence the knowledge that comes when drought lowers the lakes.

### Laying a Sure Foundation

Exploration of the remains shows that the practice continued for a very great period, for in the ruins we find tools and implements which were used in the Stone Age, in the Bronze Age, and in the age in which at last man mastered the possibilities of iron.

In a muddy lake the old builders drove stakes into the bottom, and then piled stones around them up to the surface of the water, and beyond.

On this foundation they formed a platform on which they raised their homes—wooden huts of varying size. A gangway ran from the lake dwelling to the shore. This might be fixed and guarded at night or in time of danger, or it might be a bridge of boats, or simply a ferry, canoes plying between the house and the land.

### Where the Domestic Animals Lived

A broad platform surrounded the house or houses. Beneath the eaves of the huts the domestic animals would rest, if they were not taken actually into the dwellings.

Safety from attack by animals and human enemies, must have suggested this form of dwelling, and the remnants that remain show us that the builders in those far-off days had considerable skill as architects.

Of course, lake dwellings are common among savage people of today. We find such homes in the Malayan Archipelago, in New Guinea, in Central Africa; and Venezuela takes its name, Little Venice, from the fact that its first white discoverers found people dwelling there in houses raised on piles in the water, in just the same way that noble Venice, upon a grander plan, was founded and raised above her lagoons.



## GERMAN SHIPS ARRIVE ON LAND

### Pleasure Cars Made Out of War-Craft

#### HOW THE KAISER'S DREAM CAME TRUE

The ships that cost so many millions of pounds to build, and whose existence encouraged Germany to stake her destiny on the hazard of war, became an embarrassment to the victors when the triumph was won. Nobody seemed to know what to do with the conquered German fleet. But there is a use for some of the ships, it seems.

An Italian firm of motor-car builders, which sends many of its cars to England, has bought some of these German war-craft from the British Government in order to take the iron and steel out and use the metal for motor-cars. Thus the ships which could not reach us by sea may travel over our land! These vessels that were to strike a blow at the heart of England are to be picked to pieces and built into pleasure cars to run about our streets and lanes.

#### Turning Ships into Motor Cars

That is surely one of the strangest and most unlooked-for changes that ever followed war; a 20th century adaptation of the beautiful old prophecy that we shall beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks; a romance of conversion wonderful, yet laughable, in its fantastic unexpectedness.

Is it not pretty much as if a vulture became a song-bird in a peaceful aviary, as if the crater of a volcano should become a sanatorium?

Only Nature herself could match the change. She is the great chemist. She takes billions of her dead children's bodies and builds them into chalk cliffs and mountain ranges; she bottles sunshine in dead and gone plants, and gives it and them back to us as coal.

#### Nature's Alchemy

We make a cup from the clay of what was once a mountain; we fertilise our fields with the fossil remains of meals undigested by the giant reptiles that once possessed the earth; we make keys for our pianos and handles for our knives from the ivory of mammoths that died in Siberia 100,000 years ago.

All is change and transformation, and when engineers transform battleships into motor-cars they are but following the way of Mother Nature, who piles nummulite on nummulite until mountains rise from which, long ages after, men hew the stone of which the Great Pyramid is built.

It is all hopeful and significant in an age when the world is still tortured and racked by tumult and passion. To adapt the engines of war to the arts of peace is constructive genius of the most inspiring order.

Sometime, if we go on, Isaiah's dream will be realised of a day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

## USING WASTE COAL

### New Process to Save Fuel

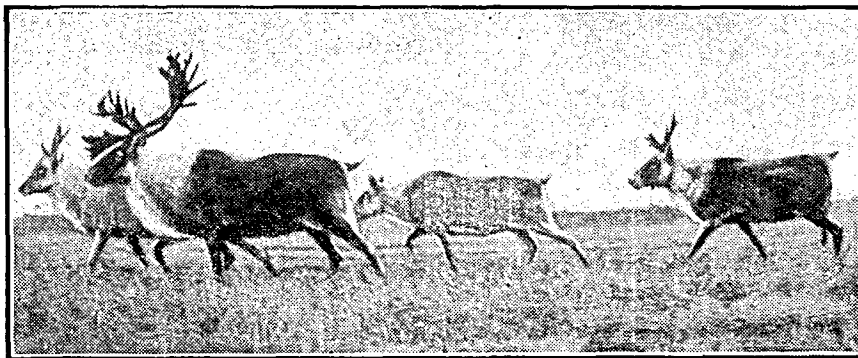
Thousands of tons of coal are brought up from coal-mines only to be cast on to dumps as waste, owing to the high proportion of impurities they contain.

A new method is in use in America by means of which a good proportion of the waste coal can be made usable by separating it from the clay, slate, and other mineral matter associated with it.

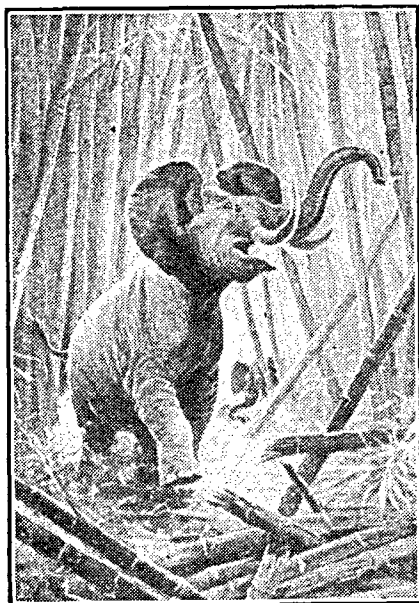
The waste is mixed with a heavy fluid, in which the impurities sink to the bottom, while the lighter coal floats to the top.

In this way nearly a ton of good coal can be saved from ten tons of what has hitherto been looked on as useless waste.

## ANIMALS THAT ARE NOW MIGRATING



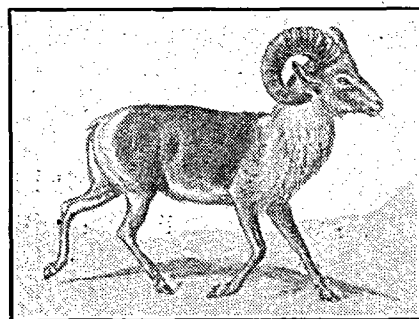
Reindeer travelling back from the sea to their summer haunts



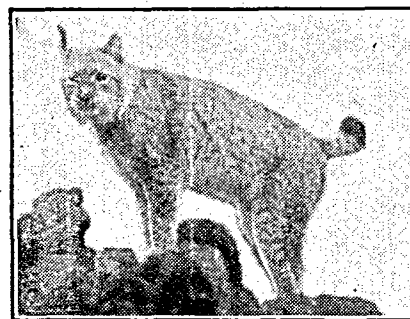
Elephants coming down Mount Kenya into the African plains



The great march of the lemmings over land and water



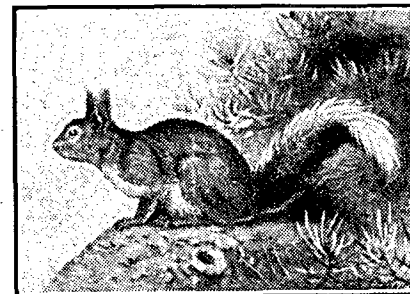
The argali, or wild sheep of Siberia, now trekking northward



The European lynx, which is now moving up the Alps



The guanaco of the Andes, which is coming down into the plains



The squirrel, which in North Europe migrates in thousands



Antelopes on migration. They gather in thousands and often cover hundreds of miles in a few weeks

All over the world at this season mammals as well as birds are making their long annual journeys, and some of the animals that are migrating are shown in these pictures. See page 5

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

### HOSPITALS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

#### A Feather for King John's Cap HOLDING FAIRS TO HELP THE SICK

The hospitals of our great cities and towns are in serious financial difficulties just now, owing to the enormous increase in the cost of running them.

Everything has gone up by leaps and bounds during the past few years except income, and the managements of these splendid institutions, so vital to the welfare and happiness of the nation, are hard put to it to make ends meet.

Unless some new source of revenue is found, and that immediately, they will have to close up certain sections of their work. Various suggestions have been put forward. One is that the patients should be asked to pay a fixed sum per week toward their support, and in some hospitals this plan is being followed.

#### Real Meaning of a Hospital

Another suggestion is that the needed funds should be provided out of the rates or taxes.

No doubt if other means fail this will come about, for it is unthinkable that these institutions should be compelled to cut down their work through lack of funds. But far better, than any compulsory form of support would be a spontaneous increase of private and voluntary generosity.

It is well to remember, however, that in olden times institutions for the relief of the sick were supported largely by levies which all had to pay. There have been hospitals of a kind in this country for a thousand years. Originally they were places of rest for the hospitality of pilgrims—that is what the word means.

#### Caring for the Sick

But in the Middle Ages there was very much disease, especially leprosy, and these hospitals soon developed into places where the sick could be tended.

There were at least 200 hospitals in England. They had their financial troubles like our hospitals today, and sometimes had to refuse admission to lepers owing to lack of funds. It is a striking coincidence that in the 14th century, when the Hundred Years War brought grinding taxation, the hospitals felt the pinch severely, as they do today when a similar state of things has been caused by the Great War.

Patients had to pay for their own support, buildings fell into decay, and the great work of healing suffered. There were women nurses then who carried on their work of mercy side by side with the men, as they do still. At first patients lay on straw pallets, but in the 12th century wooden beds were introduced.

#### Bad Man Does Some Good

To support the hospitals free-will offerings were welcomed, and collectors made house-to-house collections. Alms boxes were placed in the parish churches, appeals were made by the king as they are today, the Church organised Hospital Sundays, and an important source of income was the annual fairs, a proportion of the revenue from which went to support the leper hospitals.

This was the case with the world-famed Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, which helped to support two hospitals in the university town, one founded by King John, who, strangely enough, was the greatest friend the lepers and hospitals of England had in the Middle Ages. Let us place that to his credit.

In some foreign countries rates were levied for hospital maintenance, and a compulsory Hospital Sunday Fund was instituted, the rich having to pay a penny, the middle class a halfpenny, and the poor a loaf. England, however, never went farther than the tolls and levies.



## HEIR OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

### HOW IT HAS FALLEN

Sad Tragedy of the Broken Fortunes of Austria

### THE CHANGES OF 1000 YEARS

The visit to England of Dr. Mayr, the Chancellor of Austria, and Dr. Grim, the Minister of Finance, has been a final attempt to save a country that stands on the brink of ruin.

And this first of the nations to feel that nothing but utter wreckage is before it is actually the oldest of all the nations that went into war.

The most venerable of all nations historically, Austria is the inheritor of the traditions of the Roman Empire.

When Italy had become broken into a number of States, and the Eastern Roman Empire had been first transferred to Constantinople and then had been wrecked by the inroads of the Turks, Austria preserved the old traditions, and ranked as the head of the civilised Powers.

### After the Corsican

Before Russia existed as a great European country, while France was only a rising kingdom and Germany had not been heard of as a united Power, Austria had an ancient dignity.

When Napoleon became a mighty conqueror, and wished to establish himself as the equal of the greatest European monarchs, it was into the Austrian royal family that he married, in the hope of establishing his position as a great ruler, and not merely as a successful upstart.

After the overthrow of the adventurous Corsican, though it was England that had brought him down into the dust, it was Austria that formed the Holy Alliance for re-shaping Europe afresh, and, as a great poet has said, "regilding the ancient thrones."

### Austria's Good Points and Bad

Sixty years ago Austria remained the greatest Power in Central Europe, and dominated the German States till she was thrust into the background by the rise of Prussia.

Though she often had a bad influence among the varied peoples who built up her loosely-compacted Empire, she learned some lessons. She always held firmly in the bonds of sincere respect and loyalty the Tyrolean mountaineers. She made at last a tolerable arrangement for co-operation with the Hungarians when they became too strong to be oppressed.

While she was never able to suppress the unquenchable racial feeling of the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, she was viewed by the Poles under her rule with far more goodwill than either the Prussians or the Russians could command in the rest of that race.

### Europe's Friendly Hand

And all who visited Austria, as strangers and travellers felt at once that, though the Austrians might be ambitious and oppressive to some of their subject peoples, yet they had manners and courtesy, and were agreeable to know, with an air of breeding which the Germans never had. They were not heavy, blundering upstarts; they had a history behind them which showed itself in their style and bearing.

Now their power has vanished. They are broken in fortune, poor—nay, starving; overburdened with debt, their industries shattered, their beautiful capital desolate. For them there is little hope unless Europe unites to help them and to lighten their misfortunes.

They have not been free from grave blame—far from it—but Europe ought to take them by the hand with a generous friendliness.

## THE FACTORY KING

### HOW HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT FOR THE CHILDREN

### Editing a Newspaper in Prison

### POPULAR HERO DIES IN POVERTY

The removal of statues to new sites has been rather a habit of late in London and other cities.

One statue moved to make room for a new building is that of Richard Oastler at Bradford, and the fact is a reminder that this great man's life and work are less known to boys and girls of today than they should be.

If greatness depends upon the amount of good a man does to his fellows then Richard Oastler was one of the greatest men of the 19th century, for it was he who first began the fight for the factory children which was carried on so magnificently by Lord Shaftesbury.

### Friend of the Children

Oastler was born at Leeds in the year that the French Revolution broke out, and his father was an estate steward in Yorkshire with whom John Wesley often stayed when he travelled North. On one occasion the venerable preacher took little Richard in his arms and pronounced a solemn blessing on his head.

Although the boy wished to be a barrister his father articulated him to an architect, but he had to give up that profession owing to weak sight. Then he made a good deal of money in business, but lost it all again. When his father died he obtained the vacant position of agent to the Foxby estates and settled near Huddersfield.

One day he was visiting a friend in Bradford who owned a factory and had tried to lighten the burden of the factory worker, when the friend said to Oastler:

"I wonder you have never turned your attention to the factory system. I assure you there are cruelties daily practised in our mills on little children which I am sure, if you knew, you would try to prevent."

### A Prisoner Near the C.N. Office

This set Oastler thinking. He began to make investigations, and from that time onwards gave up his whole life to fight for the children. He published a long letter in a Leeds paper headed "Yorkshire Slavery," and in this he pointed out that thousands of children were compelled to labour 13 to 16 hours a day under the lash of an overseer.

The letter created an enormous sensation, and Oastler followed it up by organising public meetings and giving evidence as to the iniquities practised before a Government Commission. Up and down the country he came to be known as the Factory King.

Then his employer dismissed him on account of his views, and Oastler was left with no means of livelihood. Worse still, the employer sued him for a debt, honourably incurred, and had him thrown into the Fleet Prison, near where the C.N. office now stands.

### A Great Reception

But his spirit was not curbed. He edited a paper advocating the cause of the factory workers from the prison, and used to hold conferences with his friends, the Factory King, as one amusingly says, using his prison bed as a throne.

At last, after four years, these friends subscribed sufficient to pay the debt and secure his release, and when he returned to Huddersfield he had a reception such as has been rarely seen in England. For miles outside the city tens of thousands lined the roads, and an enormous procession accompanied him with bands and banners. It was a great tribute to a great man.

He died in poverty in 1861, an old man of 72, who for the sake of the oppressed had given up comfort, luxury, prosperity, and liberty itself.

## THE FIGHT AGAINST FALLING PRICES

### Ways of the Cotton Planters

The fight against falling prices took wild forms in America a short time ago.

In the Southern States, where the cotton grows, the planters determined that they would not allow cotton to fall in price, and they therefore threatened with death any cotton-ginner, merchant, or other agent who helped to put more cotton on the market.

The cotton gin is the machine which tears up the cotton balls, frees the down from seeds, and rolls it out in sheets. By stopping ginning the planters hoped to raise the price of cotton again.

Gangs of horsemen rode out at night and posted up notices by the planters that they would burn down the ginning establishments and kill their proprietors and workers if ginning went on.

Such action demands the attention of the world's governments. We have to meet the famine makers by organising new supplies. In cotton, for example, we can free ourselves by plentiful production within the British Empire.

## A CAT AND HIS MOTHER

### Undutiful Son's Bad Behaviour

Cats are often said to be selfish, but a reader writing from Wales gives us a good instance to the contrary, balanced, however, by unresponsive conduct in another cat.

Our fine tabby cat had a son we called Nigger—he was so black.

After he grew up Nigger had a fine disdain of his mother, who loved him very much, and he hardly noticed her.

But one day he became very ill. So we put him in a basket, covered him with a soft warm shawl, and placed him in a sunny corner.

There his mother often visited him. One day she went into the field behind the house, caught a mouse, and dropped it in Nigger's basket.

Though he was quite ill he managed to eat half of it. Next day she caught another mouse, and Nigger ate it. If she failed to catch a mouse she looked miserable.

But I am sorry to add that when the ungrateful Nigger got well he was as disdainful as ever.

## THE HUNGRY PUPPY

### Story of a Dog and a Bone

A Norwood reader sends an account of his dog's care for her young.

My terrier Jill has had two pups, and one of them has gone to live with my next-door neighbour.

He is a jolly little chap, and his new owners are very fond of him; but, like most young things, Toddie is always hungry. I expect his mother knows that.

One day I gave Jill a bone or two, which she much enjoyed. Then I found her one more; but, instead of eating it, she went first to one door and then to the other leading into the garden.

She cried and grumbled with the bone in her mouth till we let her out. Then she went straight to the fence between the gardens, jumped over, and two minutes afterwards, looking out of the window, I saw Toddie picking away at his loving mother's bone.

After that they had a splendid game.

## SHUT THE DOOR

### A Clever Railway Design

A member of the Great Central Railway staff has thought out an invention that appears likely to come into use.

It is an appliance for closing and locking all the doors of a train automatically whenever the train begins to move. No door can be opened till the train stops.

If there is an accident, however, it is possible to release all the doors at once.

If the invention causes this release to act as quickly and certainly as it closes and locks the doors when the train starts, it is a boon, for no more children will play with doors and fall out of trains.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### A GREAT APOSTLE TO THE POOR

### First Real English Dictionary

### FAMOUS FRENCHMAN WHO WROTE ABOUT ANIMALS

April 10. General Booth born at Nottingham. 1829  
11. Gibraltar became British . . . . . 1713  
12. Seneca, Nero's tutor, died . . . . . 65  
13. Edict of Nantes issued . . . . . 1598  
14. Abraham Lincoln shot . . . . . 1865  
15. Johnson's Dictionary published . . . . . 1755  
16. Buffon died in Paris. . . . . 1783

### General Booth

WILLIAM BOOTH, who took and kept the title of General, was the greatest apostle to the poor in the last half of the nineteenth century.

When he was in his teens he began to preach in the open air, and at the age of 23 was a Methodist minister, but found that mission work was his special duty.

So he started the Christian Mission, which later became the Salvation Army and, under his fine organising power, magnetic preaching, and practical helpfulness for the poor and the outcast, spread over many lands and carried the message of Christ in many languages.

At first opposition and ridicule were strong and bitter; but the General, aided by his saintly wife and devoted children, won universal respect at last, and received sympathetic support from all kinds of people; till he was held in honour over the whole earth.

His greatness stands recorded in the vast organisation that he built up among all kindreds, tribes, and tongues.

### Johnson's Dictionary

SAMUEL JOHNSON's great dictionary will remain for ever a landmark in the history of the English language.

Before it was published, as a notable critic has said, "nothing had been done to claim for English an equal place with Italian or French in the future of literature and the civilised world."

Italy and France had already produced their dictionaries by the help of companies of learned men working for generations.

But Dr. Johnson undertook to produce by his own scholarship, with a few mechanical assistants, the first real dictionary of the English tongue, and, by five years' work, he succeeded in a degree that has aroused astonishment and admiration in succeeding generations.

This organising of English words helped to put writing on a sounder foundation and to give writers a better standing. Indeed, Johnson, in his preface, claimed that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors."

Johnson's first dictionary has long been superseded, but it made a scholarly foundation for later dictionaries.

### Buffon

THE world will always be grateful to men who make a fine start with a great task that inspires others to carry on the labour to a completion.

Such a man was the naturalist George Louis Leclerc Buffon, who, in his later years, became a French count.

Buffon was a Frenchman of Burgundy, son of a well-to-do member of the lesser nobility. As a student he was a clever mathematician, and when his travels brought him to England he translated one of Isaac Newton's books into French.

But gradually he became absorbed in natural history, and was appointed keeper of the French king's garden and of the national museum in Paris. Then he set himself the task of writing natural history in its widest form. In fact, all nature was his study.

The field was too wide for any man to cover, but Buffon did his best in many volumes, written during many years. He employed assistants to collect plain facts, and himself wrote up the wider surveys in a high-sounding, pompous manner.

Often he was wrong, and his great history is now put aside, but it served to direct many minds to a study of Nature, and aroused a love of animals and the outdoor world.



# THE GREAT ANNUAL MOVEMENTS OF ANIMALS & BIRDS ALL OVER THE WORLD

At this season of the year in all parts of the world the animals and birds are on the move.

The great annual migrations are in full swing, and, while in some cases the creatures are moving from the warm regions to the cooler climates, in other cases they are leaving the cold areas for the warmer lands.

It is a great marvel and a great mystery, this passing to and fro of the life of the world, and science has only recently begun to study it systematically.

We in Britain are familiar only with the movements of the birds; for, having a temperate climate, without any very great extremes in either direction, and being an island with ample supplies of food all the year round, the animals—that is to say, the mammals—have no need to migrate.

## Mammals that Migrate

Last autumn we saw the swifts and martins and swallows and many other kinds of birds flying away to the sunny south, while geese and ducks and similar birds were flocking in to our islands from the north. Now the movements are reversed, and, while the geese and ducks fly north, the other birds are arriving in hundreds and thousands from the south.

But birds are not the only travellers. Many of the mammals migrate in the same way, and the great tundra and steppes of Northern Asia are at this season teeming with life, all travelling in certain well-defined directions.

The animals that did not sleep through the winter came down from the highlands to the warmer low-lying regions, and now that spring has come they have turned round, and are off to the highlands once more.

On the other hand, some creatures, such as the antelopes, when the winter came went farther north because, though it was cold, the ground was

covered with snow, and they could quench their thirst with this. In the highlands a sheet of ice everywhere made it impossible to get water, and so it was not hunger but thirst that set these animals trekking.

Now, however, they are all on their way to their summer haunts, and if we could take in with one grand sweep of our eye from an aeroplane the whole of Northern Asia, we should see that vast country with the animals scattered over it moving like armies on the march.

The antelopes assemble in thousands at this season, and then travel at the rate of fifty or sixty miles a night, covering hundreds of miles in the course of a few days. Their routes, which are used year after year, are so well marked out that they look almost like highways made by man. Usually wolves and bears follow in their wake, and take tribute of the travellers.

Squirrels, too, move in vast armies over plain and hill and forest and river. Frequently they throng through towns and villages, and one traveller has graphically described the scene.

## Great Army of Squirrels

Sometimes in single file, he says, sometimes in companies of varying strength, but in unbroken succession, the animals pressed on, crowding as densely through the town as through the neighbouring forest. They used the streets as well as the hedges, and the roofs of buildings as paths, filled every courtyard, thronged through windows and doors into the houses, and created quite an uproar among the inhabitants—and much more among the dogs, who killed thousands of them, evincing an unbridled blood-thirstiness till then unsuspected.

The squirrels, however, did not seem to concern themselves in the least about the innumerable victims falling in their midst; in fact, they took no notice of

anything, and allowed nothing to divert them from their route. The procession lasted for three whole days from early morning till late in the evening, and only after nightfall each day was there a break in the continuity of the stream.

Rapidly running mountain rivers proved no barrier; the little animals swam the waters with their tails laid across their backs. In their train followed another army composed of preying wolves, foxes, gluttons, martens, weasels, eagles, owls, ravens, and crows, while during the crossing of rivers gulls and fishes joined in the chase.

## Animals Moving Up the Alps

The migrations of lemmings, those curious, rat-like creatures of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, which sweep in hordes across a country, devastating every district they pass, have been often described. On they go in a straight line, across mountain and river and lake, and even across an arm of the sea, with wolves and foxes and eagles and owls and ravens taking toll of them by the hundred thousand.

In Southern Europe we have migratory movements in the Alps, the lynx and chamois and hare all travelling to higher regions as the snow melts. The bear also, which since the war has been on the increase in the Alpine country, will now probably disappear from the haunts of men until next winter's snow drives him down again.

In Russia and Scandinavia the reindeer are returning to their summer homes, and at the same time the reindeer that left Greenland for the winter are returning to that land from the American continent before the ice-bridges melt under the influence of the spring sunshine.

In Africa the same periodical migrations are now taking place. On Mount Kenya the elephants, which in the later months of last year went up the moun-

tain for two miles or more, are now returning to the lowlands, many of them with their young.

In South America the guanacos and vicuñas are being driven to the valleys by the snow in the high Andes. They travelled up the mountains two miles or more above their lowland haunts when the snow-line receded, but now they are coming down once more, so that they may find both food and water.

It is a time of restless movement in all continents and among many creatures; and just as man, by an exercise of will, migrates to the seaside and the country in the warm weather to renew his health and vigour, so these creatures, by a blind instinct inherited over countless generations, move about to certain places at certain times in pursuance of a plan that preserves their race.

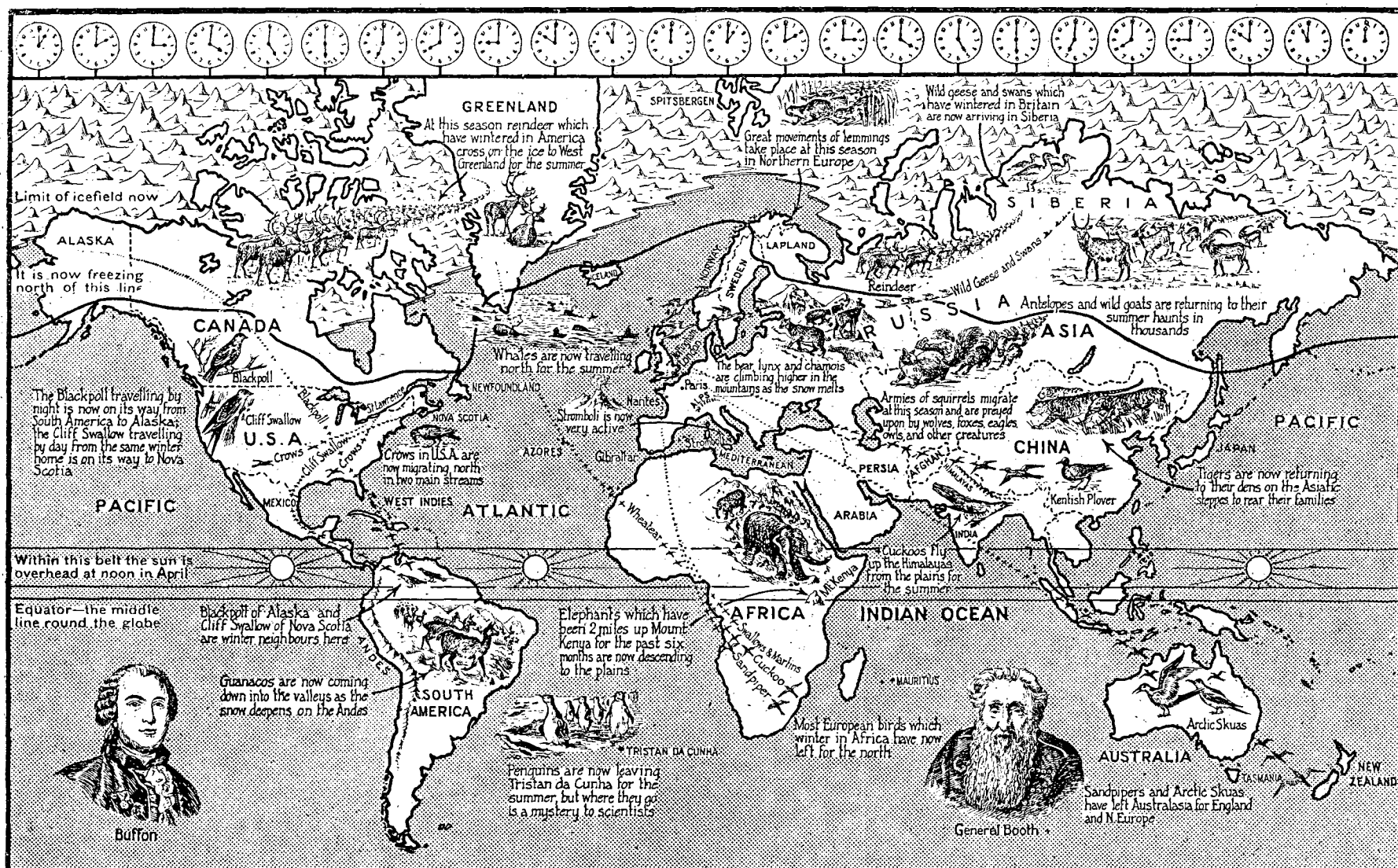
The distances covered by many of these animals during migration are very great, but nothing compared with the distances that whales and seals travel.

## Whales Travel Across the World

Long journeys by water are far easier than journeys by land, and some of the whales do nothing else but travel all their lives, and it is difficult to realise how far they go in the course of a lifetime.

Some whales, Alfred Brehm, the great naturalist-traveller, tells us, cover twice a year more than a quarter of the earth's circumference. They are found in summer among the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean, and in winter on the opposite side of the Equator.

At the present time the great journey north is being made, and these whales traverse the ocean by certain definite routes. Some keep to the open sea, while others move along the coasts. Seals, though they go far, do not travel such enormous distances as whales, but they also are on the move. *Pictures on page 3*



THIS MAP SHOWS HOW THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE ON THE MOVE AT THE PRESENT SEASON



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 9 1921

## Bumping into It

How many of us can have forgotten how we learned to ride a bicycle? Those painful days are over, and they were worth it; but at first the bicycle was a very unruly machine. We did not take it for a ride; it took us. When we saw a big stone on the road, or a rut, or a dog, we said that at all costs we must not run into it. But the bicycle insisted on our running into it.

It took a little while to find out the very simple rule that if we wanted to avoid a thing we must never look at it, because we always ran into the thing on which our eyes were fixed. While we were keeping our eyes on the stone, saying that we must not hit it—bump into it we went!

But when we have learned this Rule of the Bicycle, there is still to learn another more important Rule of the Mind. If we want to keep from wrong thoughts we must not be always saying to ourselves "At all costs I must not think of this," for while we are saying this the very thoughts come to us—and bump we go!

The way to avoid them is to fill the mind with other things that are good and true and healthy. If we fix our eyes on the things we want to avoid we are defeating ourselves. We are like the young bicyclist who bumps into the rut.

In one of the great books is the story of Alypius, who made up his mind that he would not go to see the cruel games in the amphitheatre; it was in the early Christian centuries—Alypius was the friend of great Saint Augustine. He would not see the games. No! But he thought he might go to the show with his friends, and keep his eyes shut. It is easy to tell what happened. The shouts of his friends and the thrill of the crowd were too much for him; he opened his eyes and broke his vow. He kept his mind looking at the thing he wanted to escape.

The last word on thinking is not Don't. If we never go beyond Don't we are not safe. Don't calls up the very thing we want to avoid. It is wiser to keep the mind busy with the right things, and not to have room for the others. It is not enough to keep the house of the mind empty: it is better to invite the true tenants, and keep the house clean and busy and filled with music and laughter. There was a great teacher who told all this to his friends at Philippi, and he said to them, in words that still ring down to us:

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.

Very true it is that what we think, we are.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Misplaced Kindness

THE poetess who more nearly approached greatness than any woman who has written poetry in the English tongue, Mrs. Barrett Browning, wrote in her most ambitious poem, "May the good God pardon all good men."

By that she meant that often people who mean well do, unknowingly, what has a bad effect. They think they are striking a blow at what is evil, but they hit what is good.

A sadder example of this has seldom been heard than the attack made lately on that splendidly humane institution the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Tens of thousands of suffering children have been cared for by this noble society. In a few cases children have been taken away from cruel parents by law. One would think every kind heart would approve the society's watchful care for suffering children, yet the society has been obstructed, and all in the name of goodness.

So far may good intention wander astray when it lacks wisdom.

## Proverb of the Day



To a Grumbler:  
Half a loaf is better than no bread

## Clocks on Strike

SEVERAL instances of the wayward behaviour of clocks have been mentioned in the C.N. Sometimes clocks seem to take charge of themselves and to strike in fanciful ways, usually many times more than is expected of them.

Prompted by our recent stories, a reader sends to us the photograph of a self-willed clock that adorns the Sunderland Town Hall, and that sadly misbehaved last New Year's Eve.

A large crowd had gathered to see the Old Year out and the New Year in, and the clock was relied on to give the signal for the turn of the year. But it calmly went on its way, marking the time, it is true, but refusing to strike.

Shouting and booing at it had no effect; and the superstitious part of the crowd went home wondering if the untimely silence were a favourable or an unlucky omen.

Certainly it could not have chosen a more noticeable moment for becoming obstinate. Or was it some unkind joker who tampered with it?

## President Harding's Office Rules

PRESIDENT Harding of the United States is the editor of a newspaper, and here are some of the fine rules he gives to his reporters:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.

Be truthful. Get the facts.

I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Bring out the good in everybody, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

Treat all religious matters reverently.

If everybody everywhere—in society, in business, in school, and in politics—carried out these rules, what a different world it might be!

## Tip-Cat

EARL WINTERTON complains of the Government butting into trade. He doesn't like to see it playing the goat.

"BERLIN stiff-necked," announces a news heading. That's because it has lately been out in the cold.

CANON LANGBRIDGE is wrong in describing popularity as "a creeping paralysis." It often comes in leaps and bounds.

THE shark is man's distant cousin, we are told, and he prefers to keep it at a distance.

THE class struggle: School examinations.

MISS LILLIAN BARKER thinks work-girls should be drilled. Would not they find that boring?

A CONTEMPORARY wants to bring the Germans to their senses. Well, you may bring a man to his senses, but you can't make him have any.

TITLE DEEDS: Those for which knight-hoods are given.

THE Dean of Durham wonders why youths go from Oxford and twenty years later are not educated. Perhaps they should have gone to Oxford.

## Look Up! Look Up!

Look up, look up, ye downcast eyes!

The night is almost gone;

Along the new horizon flies

The banner of the dawn;

The eastern sky is banded low

With white and crimson bars,

While far above the morning glow

The everlasting stars.

O bright flag, O brave flag, O flag to lead the free!

The hand of God thy colours blent,

And heaven to earth thy glory lent

To shield the weak and guide the strong,

To make an end of human wrong,

And draw a countless human host to follow after Thee! HENRY VAN DYKE



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO  
KNOW

If the gardener's assistant is a growing boy

## The Wheel That Turns Everything Round

## Question:

How comes it our bodies aren't painted with woad?

And we've brushes for parting our hair?

How comes it that motor-cars buzz on the road

And telegraph wires in the air?

Such a civilised world was not made in a day,

But how was it ever begun?

I shall truly be glad if you kindly will say

How on earth the whole business was done.

## Answer:

IN those days when the wilderness boasted no towns,

And your ancestors shinned up the trees,

When nobody knew the declension of nouns

Or the rapture of duck and green peas,

There was someone who said, "I know better than that!"

And went forth to fulfil vague desires—

And *that's* how a bishop wears strings to his hat,

And Marconi needs none for his wires.

## Moral:

LIFE must always feel fine to be fruitful and sound,

So rebel when it's stagnant and dull,

And learn that the wheel which turns everything round

Is the little grey stuff in your skull. H. B.

## The Song of the Char-à-Banc

By Our Country Girl

"GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb.

Most country people say that the char-à-banc has a very bad name, and would be delighted to hang him; they refuse to hear one good word of him.

He certainly brings cartloads of factory hands into their quiet. But they are not so selfish as to object to that; what they object to is that these people do not look at the countryside they smother in dust, nor enjoy the peace. They scatter it with shrieks and cat-calls. They ruin the roads, drive farmers into ditches, and make it unsafe for children to bicycle.

But there was at least one char-à-banc that was different. A man walking in Wales saw one approaching filled with rough-looking working men. As they drew near he almost hated them for polluting the sunlight and the wild flowers and the new-mown hay and the lark's song with their petrol and their smoke.

And then suddenly they burst into song. Most char-à-banc passengers sing American ragtimes. But these Welshmen were singing beautiful hymn tunes, more full of joy and adoration than the lark's.

When the char-à-banc had carried the melody down the road the countryman thought he had never heard anything more splendid than those voices praising the God of the country.



## LAST OF THE MAD MULLAH

### DESERT LEADER BEATEN BY THE AEROPLANE

#### A Wonderful Life of Adventure

### BRITAIN'S BRAVE AND FIERCE FOE

For nearly twenty years small British armies have been fighting, every year or so, a Dervish leader of the natives of Somaliland whom we have called the Mad Mullah.

Over and over and over again he has been reported as killed, but he always turned up afresh very much alive and not to be mistaken, for he was a huge man, seven feet in height, and as brave as he was big.

Now there is every reason to believe that our tantalising enemy has died, though not in battle.

Somaliland is the part of Africa that lies inland of Cape Guardafui, outside the exit from the Red Sea, extending westward and southward, and reaching the frontiers of Abyssinia.

It is a desert land with patches of cultivation where there is water. Its people, who are Mohammedans, are brave and, when excited, very energetic.

They are swift travellers, clever in ambush, and most difficult to catch.

#### Aeroplane versus Camel

The Somalis who live near the coast, where there are a few small towns, are what are known as "friendlies"—that is to say, they find it to their advantage to be helpful to European nations, such as the British, Italians, and French, who hold the coastal districts.

The friendly natives have formed a considerable part of the forces that have been used against the restless Mad Mullah, but out in the desert the slow-moving British armies, even when they had a camel corps, have not been a match for the Mad Mullah's men.

Sometimes the Mullah, Mohammed bin Hassan, has been successful; more often he has been defeated; but he has always had the advantage over us owing to his swift movements.

But modern invention discovered a way of outpacing him. The aeroplane was the final and complete ruin of Mohammed bin Hassan.

#### The Armies of the Sky

The last time he revived his disturbance of the Somaliland coastal districts, approaching with his nimble tribesmen, we were waiting for him with a small fleet of fighting aeroplanes. They swooped down on him, his sons and wives and followers, and scattered a remnant of them to the four winds. The Mad Mullah and his eldest son were among the few who escaped.

But his power was completely broken, for how could he ever hope to face again the terror from the skies?

In Abyssinia this persistent enemy is now reported to have died a natural death after his life of adventure.

Let us do him justice. He was a brave and clever man, doing what he thought to be just and right, and, though he was fierce and unmanageable, he was a great hero from his own tribesmen's point of view.

## FATHER'S FINE TRIBUTE

### When President Harding was a Boy

Warren Harding, the new President of the United States, is the twenty-ninth holder of the office of President, and he is the first whose father has lived to see a son elected.

Dr. George Harding, father of the new President, has been writing a sketch of the life and character of his successful son, and this is one of the claims he makes.

There never was a time in his life when a man could lay a finger on anything my boy did and say, "That's selfishness."

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Footprints of the iguanodon, a gigantic reptile, have been found in the cliffs at Bexhill, Sussex.

The worst storm experienced for 40 years has just occurred in the Hebrides. Several people at Stornoway were killed.

#### Travellers Under London

The Underground Railway Companies of London carried 1487 million passengers in 1920.

#### Closed to the Bible

The only country in the world today to which the British and Foreign Bible Society is unable to send Bibles or Testaments is Russia.

#### The Aero-Hospital

France is sending to her various colonies aeroplanes fitted with the latest medical requisites, so that these may fly to isolated stations when doctors are urgently needed.

Christ Church, Peterborough, is being converted into a sweetmeat factory.

The London County Council are proposing to issue cheap dinner-hour tickets on their tramcars.

#### An Active Centenarian

Miss Agnes Leader, of Ashford, Kent, who is 103, still reads without glasses, signs cheques, and plays the piano.

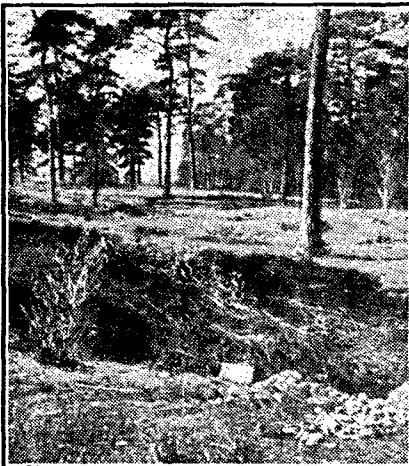
#### Catching the Post

Out of thirty million packets posted in London every week, over 16 millions are posted in the two hours between half-past five and half-past seven.

#### Teaching the Best Music

The City of Birmingham Municipal Orchestra, the first of its kind in the country, has started a series of concerts for school children. The idea is to give the boys and girls a love for the best kinds of music.

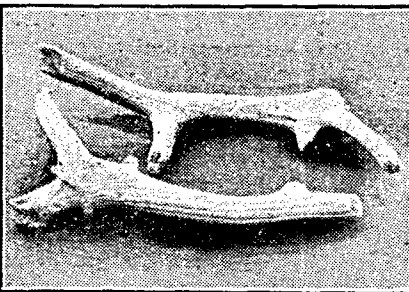
## A FLINT FACTORY 4000 YEARS OLD



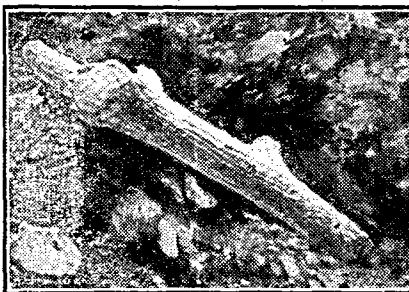
A factory site where the prehistoric men chipped their flint weapons



A group of prehistoric pickaxes, made out of deer antlers, recently found in a pit



Pickaxe-hammers, the top one from a shed antler and the lower from a slain deer



A deer-antler pick as thrown down by a Stone Age miner 4000 years ago

At Grimes Graves, in Norfolk, have been found hundreds of ancient flint mines in the chalk where the men of the Stone Age dug out the flints for their weapons and tools. See page 8

## THE GENERAL SITS UP

### A Painter's Good Story

The old saying that no man is a hero to his valet is quaintly illustrated by the eminent portrait painter Sir William Orpen, R.A., in his book "An Onlooker in France," in which he tells many good stories about famous people he has painted.

One of the war portraits painted by Sir William was of Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, then a general. First, the painter was interviewed by the general's old servant, who, when the arrangements had been made, said, "Now I'll go and fetch the old man."

When the general was seated ready for the artist to begin his sketch, the old servant leaned over his shoulder, and said, "Is the governor right now?" "Perfectly," replied Sir William. "No, he ain't," said the servant, "not by a long chalk!"

Then he went to the general, pulled out the creases of his tunic, and said, "Ere, you just sit up proper—not all unched up in the way you are. What would her ladyship say if I let you be painted like that?"

And this to the man whom every other man in a great army regarded, quite rightly, as the finest type of an heroic soldier!

## THE VOICE OF SILESIA

### Peaceful Poll Divides a Province

The voting in Upper Silesia for remaining in Germany or joining Poland was a splendid tribute to the arrangements made by the Inter-Allied Commission, who managed the election.

The voting was almost exhaustive. Scarcely a vote was left unpollled.

The result was that out of every twelve voters slightly more than seven voted for Germany and slightly under five for Poland; but the votes given for Poland gave her a majority in the greater part of the mining district, which is the region that both nations wish to possess.

Germany won, hands down, in a broad strip alongside her frontier. The middle of the province was fairly well balanced between the two countries, and the mining region bordering Poland proved to be predominantly Polish.

The Allies will now have the difficult task of deciding where a dividing line can be fairly drawn.

The result, on the whole, leaves Germany deeply dissatisfied and Poland very hopeful, for the mineral-bearing districts have undoubtedly gravitated strongly toward Poland.

## FAMINE HAS BEEN DECLARED

### THE MESSAGE THAT CAME FROM INDIA

#### Why Men Watch for the Rain Clouds

### BRITAIN'S SPLENDID WORK IN THE EAST

Last year the C.N. noted the fact that it was thought of sufficient importance to the world to send out from certain parts of India cables announcing that rain was falling.

"The monsoon has broken," was the message. It was nothing to the heedless; everything to those who know what rain means to that great hot land.

Now the cables bring us another message: "Famine has been declared in parts of the Madras Presidency." The announcement of a tragedy is so simply stated that we may fail to realise its terrible import.

The monsoon has broken! That means fertility, crops, and abundance for the millions of human beings within the area upon which the blessed rain falls. A state of famine has been declared! That means that the Madras Presidency has not had sufficient rain, that crops dry up where they stand, that cattle fall dead of starvation in the fields, that millions upon millions of people lack the necessities of life, that they must be artificially fed by human aid, like bees in a winter hive, or they will perish.

#### What Famine Means

It is difficult in England to realise what famine means, though there are people alive today who can remember when Ireland experienced her last great famine through the failure of her potato crop. But our ancestors knew the meaning of famine, and our very Poor Law had its beginning in the fearful and destructive scarcity that blighted the land in 1586.

India is specially subject to these terrors. She figures ten times in a list of 30 of the greatest of recorded famines, nearly always from the failure of rain. Just over 20 years ago one spell of scarcity cost her a million and a quarter of lives; over five million people had to be fed and between six and seven millions supported out of public works.

#### Home of Splendour and Want

And yet we picture India as the home of opulence and romantic splendour. So she is as concerns a certain number of princely, ruling, and mercantile families. But there is a vast community of peasants tilling the soil and as completely dependent upon weather as the Egyptians were in the days of Joseph.

Abundant rain brings rich harvests; insufficient rain means starvation, disease, death. Nowhere, save in China, are so many people on the verge of the poverty line.

It is stated that scores of millions of our fellow subjects in India live at the rate of a farthing a day. Deny them that little; and there is nothing between them and the agony of famishing—except the British Government.

#### Fighting the Famine

It is not uncommon for the Government to have to spend millions of pounds to stay the ravages of famine. For after famine there is not only human health and vigour to restore; there are cattle to replace, crops to re-establish, ruined property to make good where death and desolation have left it to fall into decay.

The Government is always fighting consequences such as these, not waiting for the evil day, but extending the vast irrigation schemes which, area by area, store up water in time of plenty to slake the parched land when no rains descend from the heavens.



## NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

### Rearing Animals for their Skins

#### CAN A SKUNK CHANGE ITS STRIPES?

One of the handsomest dark furs in the market is skunk, a name given to various North American animals which are well known for their power of ejecting a fluid with a peculiarly disagreeable and lasting smell.

This is their defence, though they are also able to give a dangerous bite.

Most skunks are slow-going creatures, as if they knew they could trust to the disgusting odour of their secretion, which is also irritating to the eyes.

Skunks do much good in devouring small rodents and injurious insects; they are very cleanly creatures, and their fur is admirable. Little wonder, then, that there is a new industry beginning in North America—namely, the rearing of skunks for the sake of their skins.

It is in this connection that we wish to notice a very interesting fact. The skunk has predominantly black fur, but this is variously marked with white patches and bands.

It is a very conspicuous colouration, and there may be something in the suggestion that it serves as an advertisement, impressing on the memory of assailants the fact that the skunk, with his horrible liquid fire, had better be left alone. But the value of a skunk pelt increases in proportion to the amount of black in it, and what are the go-ahead American breeders doing but taking scientific advice as to the best way of establishing all-black strains.

## THE MOON IN SHADOW

### Schoolboys Watch an Eclipse

An Australian reader sends us the following note, showing the keen interest in astronomy on the other side of the world.

Seeing in the C.N. about the eclipse of the moon I thought you would be interested in a description of an eclipse visible in Queensland.

We saw here a total eclipse about midnight on October 27.

The headmaster woke me and one or two other boys about a quarter past eleven, when the moon was about three-quarters in shade. Just a small crescent was lighted, and the rest was reddish.

We saw the shadow gradually creep over the whole of the face of the moon till the eclipse was total. A dull, reddish disc was all that was visible—no plains or mountains—and so it remained till we returned to bed at half-past twelve.

## CAT GOES OUT TO DINNER

### Pussy's Curious Taste

A Kentish farm provides this story of a cat's strange taste in friends and food.

Our cat Joey is peculiarly attached to one particular shed on the farm.

He is nearly always to be found there, making himself comfortable by lying down close to the calves, though the same calves are not always kept there.

When feeding time comes round Joey eats the calves' cake with the other animals—a most unusual diet for cats.

### MY MAGAZINE VOLUMES

A few bound volumes of My Magazine for 1920 can be supplied, and as the demand is sure to be very great it will be advisable for readers who desire to obtain copies to write at once.

The price of the cloth-bound volume is 18s. 10d., plus 1s. for postage, and the leather-bound volume is 22s. 6d., plus 1s. for postage.

Cases to bind a year's numbers of My Magazine can also be supplied, cloth 2s. 6d., half-leather 5s. 6d., if ordered through newsgents, and sixpence extra for post if ordered direct.

Letters asking for volumes or cases should enclose postal orders, and be addressed My Magazine Volume, 7 and 9, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C. 4.

## British Mines 4000 Years Old

### WHERE THE EARLY FLINTS WERE FOUND

#### Factories in Which the Men of the Stone Age Made Their Tools and Weapons

#### THE OLDEST DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH ISLES

Hidden away on a solitary Norfolk heath, amid a ragged wood of tall pine trees, there exists the most wonderful prehistoric site in all England, a place which thousands of years before the coming of the Romans was a busy hive of industry, the Sheffield of the Stone Age.

Today the wind in the tree tops and the call of the woodpecker are the only sounds that break the silence.

This place is called Grimes Graves. Of course, it has no connection with the word grave as we use it. It is a Saxon name meaning literally "The Devil's Hollows," a proof that even in Saxon times people had forgotten what the hollows really were and who had made them.

### Every Hole a Mine

Here, thousands and thousands of years ago, when good flint was man's most valuable possession, men of the Stone Age dug deep mines through solid chalk rock to obtain flint of fine quality suitable for making knives, axes, and weapons of all kinds.

Three hundred and sixty-six of these ancient flint mines can still be traced. Hundreds more have been obliterated by drifting sand. They look like giant saucers placed close together in the ground, some deep, some shallow. The largest are over 80 feet in diameter, the smallest ten.

Their sides are clad in wild sage and ground ivy. In the bottoms tall burdocks, clumps of lady fern and elder flourish. From the banks separating the hollows, the happy homes of countless rabbits, majestic Scotch firs tower upwards. So close are these old workings together they remind one of a gigantic sieve.

In 1914, just before the war, two of these mines were opened and scientifically examined, resulting in the discovery of wonderful underground workings, which were thoroughly explored and carefully mapped.

### Deer Antlers as Pickaxes

It was found that the prehistoric miners had, with infinite patience and labour, using only choppers and hammers of flint, and picks made out of antlers of the red deer, sunk their pit-shafts to a depth of 26 feet before reaching a layer of flint they considered good enough for their purpose. Eighteen feet of this depth was through chalk rock, and two layers of flint had been passed and rejected.

At the level of this good layer, in order to get as much as possible of it, they had driven galleries radiating from the shaft bottom like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. Some were mere passages, wide, but only three feet high; others formed lofty chambers ten feet across.

On the walls the marks of the antler picks were plainly visible; and over two hundred of the actual picks were found, their points worn and broken. The miners had thrown them away as of no further use.

What a thrilling experience it was to be the first to enter and explore those old workings, crawling along

silent passages and into chambers which no man had seen or entered for many thousands of years!

At the floor level of the chambers the layer of shiny-black flint, seven inches thick, was exposed around the walls, and piles of fine chippings broken off in removing the blocks. Sometimes blocks of flint were still piled together ready for carrying out of the mine, but forgotten! Generally, one or more—sometimes a pile of five or six—antler-picks were lying on the floor, or propped against the walls, just as the miners had left them at least four thousand years ago.

### Touch of Vanished Hands

Most wonderful of all, in the chalky paste found coating the shafts of some of the picks the finger prints and hand impressions of their former owners were plainly visible, as clear and fresh as though made only yesterday.

The work of exploration was arduous and difficult. Hours were spent in digging a way through the material blocking the galleries, for, after getting out all the flint they could from a gallery, the miners had filled it up again solid, for at least half its length, with chalk dug out of other galleries of the pit, in order to save the labour of hauling it up the shaft, because chalk is very heavy and they had no windlasses in those days, only wicker baskets and ropes of hide.

The deep grooves cut by these ropes in raising the baskets of flint from the mine were visible on the pit sides.

Probably no artificial light was used in mining. Each gallery was driven as far from the pit shaft as daylight would penetrate, and then a new shaft was begun. When as much flint as possible had been got from one mine a new pit shaft was dug, and the excavated materials were thrown down the old disused mine.

### Prehistoric Factories

In the hollows formed by the filled-in pits the miners seem to have built their huts, and on the banks between the pits to have established factory sites where men sat and busily chipped the flint brought up from the mines into axes, knives, choppers, etc., ready for bartering them in exchange perhaps for skins and food.

What a busy place it must have been! Perhaps the most important place of work in all England at that time; and from it useful implements would be distributed all over the land.

Wonderful drawings upon flint, executed by the miners who first worked here were discovered last September, three feet below the surface, and are exciting the keenest interest among English and French antiquaries. These are the oldest drawings ever found in Britain, and show us that the first men who lived at Grimes Graves were men of the Early Cave Period.

Neolithic man, Bronze Age man, man of the Early Iron Age, even the lordly Roman, each in turn occupied this fascinating site, and all left traces of their occupation to be turned up by the spades today. Pictures on page 7

## HEALTH FOR ALL

### HOT FOODS AS THE ENEMY OF MAN

#### Importance of Moderation in All Things

#### FAMOUS DOCTOR'S WISE WORDS

Hot drinks and hot foods have much to answer for, according to Sir James Cantlie, a famous doctor who has been lecturing on health to a learned audience in London.

We are all more or less dyspeptic; we suffer from indigestion, though we will not admit it, he says. What causes the indigestion? Bad teeth. And what destroys the teeth? Insufficiency of hard food, but, chiefly, hot beverages.

Our natural temperature is just over 98 degrees, but we sip tea from a spoon at 140 degrees, we can drink it freely at 120 degrees, and at 115 degrees we say the tea is cold.

### Healthiest Baby in London

Milk for babies is heated 20 degrees beyond the temperature which the gums can stand. The child's mouth is kept in a constant state of irritation; and the blood which ought to be nourishing its teeth is drawn away from them, so that when the baby's teeth do appear they have their tissues marred.

Sir James is an open-air man. He says the healthiest baby he knows is one at the Chinese Legation in London; and it is healthy because it is out for two hours morning and afternoon, rain or snow.

On the other hand, he tells of the old man who has been bathing in the Serpentine every morning for forty years. "Look at me!" says this hardy veteran. "Yes, but where are the others?" replies Sir James.

### Keeping the Balance

He is for moderation in all things, and would not have us all Serpentine bathers. Once, when a number of men were breaking the ice for a morning dip in the famous lake, he examined them, and found that one-third of them were suffering from the early stages of a very serious internal complaint.

Not too much clothing and not too little, he urges—one pound of dress for every stone of body weight is his prescription. Clothing too light and exposure too drastic is dangerous; yet the bodies of those lightly clad should be hot, not cold.

Given sound teeth and plenty of bodily exercise we should all enjoy good health. We can all strengthen the heart by walking, simply increasing our paces from 70 to 100 or 110 per minute. But for excessive physical exercises Sir James has no excuse; these, he asserts, simply thicken the muscles of the chest without increasing its width.

### Making an A1 Nation

We ought to work more and exercise more. A strong man can do 300 foot-tons of work per day, but the present generation, says our censor, do only half their due, going late to work, leaving early, and loitering while they are there, so that arms and heart lose strength from lack of sufficient effort, and we are all becoming degenerate in consequence.

So it is plain that to alter all this we must take food at lower temperatures, guard our teeth with might and main, eat more hard food, dress lightly but warmly, get out into the fresh air, and bring the fresh air into our rooms, and whether at play or work do our task with all our might. Only so shall we rival the health, strength and endurance of our ancestors, and become an A1 nation. Such is the gospel of health according to Sir James Cantlie.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

### Many Butterflies on the Wing

#### MOORHEN NESTING BY THE WATERSIDE

By Our Country Correspondent

**April 10.** The familiar moorhen is now laying its half dozen or more reddish-yellow eggs in its grass-lined nest of reeds and rushes by the waterside. The female is larger and brighter than the male, and the quaint little moorhens can swim directly they emerge from the egg.

**April 11.** The fine weather is bringing out the butterflies, and among those which are quite commonly seen just now are the peacock and the small white. The peacock, though not the brightest, is certainly one of our most beautiful native butterflies.

**April 12.** The glorious mantle of green over the whole countryside is becoming denser every day, and we see the cherry, plum, pear, crab, and blackthorn, among many other trees, decking themselves in the beautiful light-green clothing of early spring.

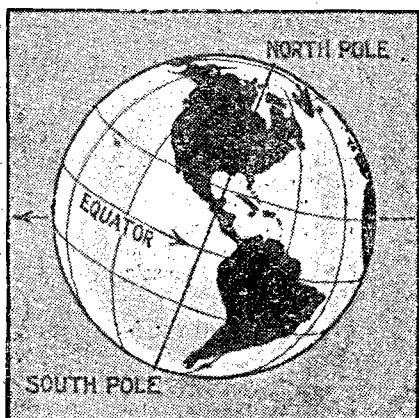
**April 13.** The bird chorus is getting louder and louder day by day. The bright, cheery call and the somewhat shrill song of the goldfinch mingles with the monotonous double note that has given the chiff-chaff its name and the tinkling chu-wick see, see, see of the meadow pipit, or titlark.

**April 14.** The fact that the berries of the ivy are now ripe is a reminder to us that fruit and autumn are not inseparably associated, although in Britain most of the fruits ripen in the autumn. Fruit follows naturally upon flowering, and when, as in the case of the ivy, the flowers appear in November, the fruit must of necessity come in the late winter or early spring.

**April 15.** The fieldfares are among our latest winter visitors to arrive, appearing rarely before the end of October, and their return migration takes place in April. It will not be long before the last fieldfare is seen on its way to the Norwegian forests.

**April 16.** Flowers are coming out in ever increasing numbers, and this week we may look out for fumitory, vetch, laurel, saxifrage, red currant, blackthorn, black poplar, and others.

## THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



This is how the earth would appear to you at 6 p.m. on any day in April if you could see it through a telescope from the sun. Of course, the lines of latitude and longitude would not appear; they are put in to show the tilt.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue to sow peas of the marrow-fat sort, such as the Plus Ultra, as these withstand the dry summer weather. The ground should be well manured, and the rows six feet apart.

Draw earth to potatoes as they appear above ground. Sow seeds of rosemary or propagate by slips. Propagate tarragon by rooted slips. Sow beet; in dry weather the seeds should be steeped a day before sowing.

Edge and clear up gravel walks.

## CHINA'S GREAT CANAL

### Famous Waterway to be Put in Order

#### ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

It is interesting to know that China's Grand Canal, at one time one of the world's great engineering wonders, is to be put in order and used again as a leading trade route between the north and south.

The parts now blocked with mud are to be excavated, and a million and a quarter pounds are to be spent immediately, the work going on slowly or rapidly according as funds become available. The work will be carried out under the direction of American engineers, and it is hoped that in a comparatively short period a section of 100 miles will be made ready for navigation.

This canal, the most famous in the world, was completed in 1350, and took 600 years to construct. It utilises stretches of various rivers on its route, and, including these, is over 2000 miles long. The canal proper, however, is only about 800 miles in length, but, as an old English writer has said: "In point of magnitude our most extensive inland navigation in England can no more be compared to the grand trunk that intersects China than a park or garden fishpond to the great Lake of Windermere."

In the days of its glory the canal had a wide and deep channel, and formed a great river, on which large vessels could ply. The water was maintained by means of sluices, and ships were raised and lowered by mechanical devices.

Apart from navigation the Grand Canal has always done a great and valuable work by draining an enormous stretch of swampy territory, which but for it would have scarcely been habitable. In the hands of the American engineers the canal will undoubtedly again become one of the wonders of the world.

## SPIDER FEIGNS DEATH

### Wily Creature Springs to Safety

A Wiltshire reader sends an interesting account of a spider pretending to be dead.

Seeing a spider hanging by a thread from the ceiling, I touched it.

Instantly it fell down behind a picture, and for a while I was unable to find it. Eventually I found it on the mantelshelf, and to my surprise it was seemingly dead. In fact, I failed to recognise it, for it looked like a dead spider with the front part missing.

Upon close examination I found that its legs were bound tightly about its body.

Thinking that perhaps it was feigning death, I touched it again, but all it did was to roll along the shelf as if by no effort of its own. I picked it up with the intention of throwing it into the fire, believing it to be dead.

When my hand was about a foot from the fire I was more than surprised to see the spider which I had thought dead suddenly spring from my hand to the shelf, and disappear behind the picture.

## JAMES WATT'S HOME

### Is It to be Saved for the Nation?

Heathfield Hall, Birmingham, the historic home of James Watt, with the garret in which he worked, is in danger of being lost to the public.

At present it is being maintained by the Watt Centenary Fund, but the response to this has been disappointing, and a sum of £3000 is needed urgently to assure the preservation of the Hall.

#### BIND YOUR C.N.s

You can have your copies of the C.N. bound into handsome volumes. Most back numbers can be supplied, but not all. A postcard to the C.N. Binding Department, 7, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4, will bring particulars.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

**How Long do Pigeon's Eggs Take to Hatch Out?**

Fourteen days from the laying of the second egg.

**Do Cows' Eyes Magnify?**

No; as far as we can tell a cow's eyes give a vision of an object as correct in proportion as our own.

**Why Does Oil Kill a Cricket?**

When oil kills a cricket it is because it has sealed up the breathing apparatus of the insect and suffocated it.

**What Does a Tame Squirrel Eat?**

Nuts, acorns, fruit, bread and milk, leaf-buds of trees. There is not much that comes amiss to a healthy pet squirrel.

**Do Birds Dream?**

No one can answer with certainty, but it is believed that all living creatures with highly organised mental faculties do dream.

**Is There Nourishment in Water?**

Not in the sense that we say milk is nourishing, but water is indispensable to human life, and is present in considerable quantities in our food.

**Are Claws the Same Material as Nails?**

Nails, hoofs, claws, beaks are all forms of horn. They all arose from the same source. That is to say, they are highly modified developments of skin.

**What is Shittim Wood?**

This wood, mentioned in the Book of Exodus, is from an acacia tree of which three or four species occur in Bible lands. Acacia seyal is believed to represent the actual species, and it is from this tree that gum arabic is obtained.

**Is a Dog's Howl Meant as Music?**

We cannot suppose that our friend the dog has a sufficiently artistic instinct to cause him to desire to create music. We do not really know whether the howls he utters in the presence of music proceed from pain or pleasure.

**Can a Curlew's Nest be Found?**

Yes; but, fortunately for the curlew, the nest is difficult to find. It is placed very often in boggy moorland, safe from approach, or among reeds and rushes. Experts can track the curlew to its nest, but not everybody can, or soon there would be no curlews.

**In What Order Does a Camel Move Its Legs When Walking?**

Not, as a Swedish correspondent puts it, "from diagonal corners," but the two legs of one side simultaneously—right hind-leg and right fore-leg together, then left hind-leg and left fore-leg together. It is this peculiar action which causes discomfort to the camel's rider.

**What is the Biggest Leaf?**

That of a water lily, a native of South America, called the Victoria regia. The leaf measures from five to six feet in diameter, and as it floats on the water can support a weight of 500 pounds distributed evenly over its surface. This has been pictured in the C.N. with a boy sitting on it.

**Are Earwigs Dangerous?**

The belief that earwigs may invade the human ear is very ancient, but it is all nonsense. Adventures with thousands of earwigs in an ivy-clad house, when his very bed was often visited by earwigs, enable the writer to say that the human ear is no more endangered by these insects than is the mouth by jumping frogs.

**How Many British Birds are There?**

The British Ornithological Union claims 376 species, of which 211 are set down as residents or regular yearly visitors, and the remainder as occasional visitors. But among the balance of 165 are many which have come very infrequently and by accidental means, and the list is untrustworthy. The 211 figure is dependable.

## JUPITER AND SATURN

### RISE AND FALL OF THE PLANETS

#### Why Saturn's Rings Have Disappeared

#### ROUNDOABOUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Jupiter and Saturn are the only planets left to adorn the evening sky now that Venus has practically gone, though possibly a last glimpse might be obtained of her, very low down, after sunset in the early part of next week.

Saturn is the world of greatest interest to us just now, though he is far behind Jupiter in size and lustre, as can readily be seen now that they are so close to one another.

If we face south they will both be seen high up in front and a little to the left of due south about 9 o'clock. Jupiter, being far brighter than anything else, cannot be mistaken; while Saturn, much duller, is a little way to the left of him, and so easily found.

Now, tomorrow, Sunday, the rings of Saturn, which have lately appeared as little more than a straight line of light, are expected to vanish again, and remain theoretically invisible till August 3.

#### Last Chance for 15 Years

This is, therefore, the last chance we shall have of seeing Saturn ringless for 15 years, and observers with telescopes are concentrating upon Saturn to find out what is happening to the rings.

For a new state of things exists now to cause their disappearance. In November the rings vanished because we saw them edgewise, and only through large telescopes could a fine streak of light, representing their edges, be seen.

This time they disappear because we are looking at the underneath side of them, which is not illuminated, while the Sun is shining on the upper sides of the rings. By August 3 the tilt of the Earth's orbit will have raised us up in relation to Saturn, so that we shall begin to look down upon the bright side of his rings once more, and onward for several years to come.

#### The Motion of the Wooden Horses

To understand how it comes about that we sometimes look down upon a planet and sometimes up at it, we must remember that all planets, the Earth included, not only go round the Sun in the same direction from west to east, and also in almost the same plane, but they likewise alternately rise and fall in relation to each other.

The motion of the wooden horses on a roundabout at a fair gives an excellent idea of the way the worlds go round the Sun in this respect. The horses all go the same way and all are approximately on the same level, but they alternately rise and fall in relation to one another—first your neighbour is above, and then below, and so you go round.

#### The Shadow of the Rings

The planets do not do this so many times in a revolution, and of course their speeds are vastly different; and so are their distances from the centre. The Earth is once high and once low in a year, or revolution, and so is every other planet; but Saturn's year is 29½ times the length of ours, so he is a long time high or low in the heavens as seen from our point of view.

A fascinating feature of Saturn during the coming months will be the variations of the shadow of the rings upon the ball of the planet, and the extent to which they can be seen in powerful telescopes.

Under favourable circumstances a faint vision is obtained, as if the Sun's light managed to penetrate them—which would, of course, be possible if they are, as we believe, composed of a multitude of tiny moons. G. F. M.



# A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures  
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by  
GEORGE  
GOODCHILD

## What Has Happened Before

Tom Breckneck, a boy of 16, and his sister Joan, a girl of 12, live with their father, who is a widower and a well-known author, in a charming old-world place in Devon.

Tom is keenly interested in wireless, aircraft, and all things mechanical, much to the disappointment of his father, who had hoped that Tom would become an author or artist. Mr. Breckneck suggests that Tom should start after his next term at school in the office of a friend, who is a woollen merchant; but this does not appeal to Tom, who loves the open air.

After seeing his father he goes into the garden to look for his sister Joan, and finds her crying over a dead bird that has been shot.

Tom is comforting his sister when an older lad calls out from the other side of the hedge:

"Have you seen a bird? I knocked him clean off the hedge."

Tom is furious at the youth's callousness, and, leaping over the hedge, proceeds to fight him.

The fight is interrupted by Ida Chudd, sister of Tom's adversary, Rolf Chudd.

Unknown to Tom, his uncle, Robert Breckneck, a clever engineer, has been watching. Joan and Tom have never met him before, but they quickly become the best of friends, Uncle Bob being keenly interested in a secret wireless set that Tom has constructed in the garden.

He asks Tom if he would like to assist him in the construction of a monster airship he is engaged upon, and Tom is overjoyed.

Joan, however, is not so excited, and remarks, "Oh, you and your airships! You will dream of them all night."

Which is exactly what Tom did do.

## CHAPTER 5

### The Picnic

THE next few days passed on wings of wonderful romance.

Tom found in his uncle a companion of the very best kind. He was not above romping in the cornfield with Joan and playing rounders in the meadow before breakfast. And, of course, Tom never tired of asking him questions on engineering, and Uncle Bob answered everything to his complete satisfaction.

They spent together many happy hours with Tom's wireless set in the garden, receiving messages from many parts of the country, and sometimes from ships at sea; while on one occasion a large passenger-carrying aeroplane came their way, and, greatly to the excitement of Tom, they were able to pick up a message that it was sending out to its aerodrome.

Joan was present on this occasion, and even she could not resist becoming enthusiastic when Uncle Bob told them that the message came from the machine flying above their heads.

Uncle Bob captured their hearts and their imaginations with the same ease that he achieved fame and success in the outside world. They began to look upon him as a great, grown-up boy, and were constantly dragging him to some new adventure.

The old garden held many secrets dear to their hearts, from the badger who lurked under the woodpile to the tit's nest in the apple tree, all of which were duly revealed to Uncle Bob with the pride and pomp that such revelations call for.

On one beautiful summer morning they harnessed the pony to the trap, and set off along the flower-decked lane to explore the rolling hills of Dartmoor. A hamper of delicacies went with them such as would gladden the eyes of any normal being, full of apples, peaches, luscious pears, and a huge

water-melon, to say nothing of unlimited cakes and ginger-beer.

The heather was beginning to bloom, and the sides of the tors were one mass of purple. In this vast wonderland of life-stirring wind and exquisite perfume they made their camp like the gipsies, boiling the kettle over a wood fire from an improvised tripod. The water they drew from a bubbling stream which ran down the side of a rocky gorge.

Merry-eyed Joan was like a ray of sunlight, running hither and thither among the bracken in search of wild flowers and strange mosses while the meal was prepared. They let the pony wander where he chose, knowing that the old familiar whistle would bring him scampering back to them.

But to Tom the chief delight of this and all other excursions with Robert Breckneck was the fascination of the man's personality.

No one had ever captured Tom's affection and admiration as this man had. He seemed to understand the spirit of youth. He knew, as Tom's father never knew, that inside this wild and rather impetuous youth was the burning desire to do something worth the doing, and that the desire, given free play, would probably accomplish what it sought. He knew, too, the exact measure and nature of that desire, and fanned it into a strong flame of determination with a mere glance of his eye.

He remembered the hopes, desires, and disappointments of his own youth, and this remembrance was his priceless secret.

When he talked it was not mere talk, but romance, and it held Tom spellbound. His uncle had built railways in China and reservoirs in India. He had dined with cannibals in the Pacific Islands, and lived with Eskimos through the rigours of a Greenland winter. He spoke of these things in no boasting spirit, but as one might mention a holiday by the sea.

They were squatting, legs crossed, before the crackling fire, while Joan still roamed among the heather.

"Tell me all about the airship you are building," pleaded Tom.

"I'm afraid I can't. It is a secret. I can only assure you it is the most wonderful thing that the scientific mind has ever conceived. Already it is gaining personality. Ships are like that, you know. After a bit they cease to be steel and wood, and gather to themselves part of the personalities of their builders. It seems almost that you feel part of your own spirit go out into them."

"Did you plan it?"

"No, I made a few modifications, but to another belongs the credit of its conception."

A question which had been bubbling on Tom's lips for the past week suddenly broke forth:

"Uncle, you said it might be possible for me to become an engineer. Did you ask?"

Uncle Robert's eyes twinkled.

"I was wondering how long you could keep that question back. No, I haven't forgotten, laddie, but your father has been engrossed in the finishing of an important book, and it would not have been good policy to worry him. I believe the book is now finished, and to-night I intend to have it out with him."

Tom quivered with excitement.

"Do you think he will agree?"

"I don't know, but if I can convince him it will be best for you he will. It's up to me to fix things, I fancy."

"Uncle, you are a brick!"

"What nonsense!" replied his

uncle. "Hullo, there's the kettle boiling over! Joan!" he shouted.

Joan came running up, with a huge bunch of flowers almost concealing her from view. They drank tea, and worked into the pile of fruit with healthy appetites.

The wind began to die down, and purple clouds drifted up. The air grew heavy and enervating, and the whole vivid landscape suddenly took on a fresh aspect. Their voices seemed strangely loud, and from far away came the grumble of thunder.

"It's a storm," said Tom. "They come up so suddenly here."

He gave a shrill whistle, and the pony trotted in and looked at them wisely. Quickly they harnessed him and stowed away the remains of the meal. By the time they struck the main road the sky was leaden. After a mile or so the first spot of rain fell, and then the heavens opened and the elements engaged in a magnificent contest.

They were nearing home when they saw the figure of a girl taking refuge under a tree. Joan's quick eyes recognised her.

"It's Ida Chudd," she said.

## CHAPTER 6

### Bound for a New Life

THEY stopped the trap and invited the rain-soaked girl aboard, covering her shoulders with a spare mackintosh. Her presence had a strange effect upon Tom. Somehow he found himself nervous, especially when he caught her glancing surreptitiously at a recent scar under his eye.

"Rolf did that," said thoughtless Joan.

Tom felt he would sink through the floor. He gave Joan a look which clearly conveyed that he thought her the silliest of silly sisters. But Ida was nothing if not diplomatic.

"That's nothing to the scar that Rolf has," she said quietly. "He's gone back to business now." She looked intently at Tom. "I know you must think pretty badly of him, but at heart he means well. I am sure one day he will learn his lesson and be the kindest of men."

They put her down outside her house and drove on. For the remainder of the journey Tom was thinking of her, and wondering how it was that so sullen a chap should possess so sweet and glorious a sister.

It was distressing that so happy a day was doomed to end in tragedy. They were coming up the drive when the housekeeper came running towards them. Her face was pale and marked with tears. The trap stopped, and she whispered something in the ear of Robert Breckneck.

"I'll come," he said slowly; and Tom saw that his face was set and serious. "Take the pony to the stable, Tom," he said, "and Joan can help you to feed him. I'm wanted urgently."

They heard the truth later. Their father had passed away that afternoon in the chair he sat in. Before him was the last sheet of his manuscript, with the last words of it, in his neat handwriting, still wet from his pen.

The days that followed are best passed over. With each succeeding morn the pain of the loss was lightened; and Uncle Bob, in his quiet, convincing way, urged that it was no occasion for prolonged sorrow, for the writer had passed away peacefully, content in the knowledge that he had given the world of his best and made the utmost of the genius God had endowed him with.

In the garden they found the old, dear things still singing praises of life. Everything was glad with colour, and their hearts beat in unison with the happy, twittering denizens of the wild.

But it altered things in other directions, and incidentally solved the problem of Tom's future. One evening Robert Breckneck called him into the library.

"Now, Tom," he said, "let us see where we stand."

Tom sat back in his chair and listened keenly.

"In the first place, you are not going back to school. Ah, that doesn't seem to break your heart! Now about work. Would you like to come and work with me at once?"

"Would I like—?" Words failed him. The prospect was too delightful.

"Right; that's settled. We start on Monday for London. Now, as to financial matters, I am sorry to tell you that the estate is badly encumbered. When the creditors' claims have been settled there will be very little left. We may have to sell up."

Tom gasped with horror. Wherever he might be he wanted to think of the old house and the glorious garden as still theirs—his and Joan's. It was part of their very life. Some day he wanted to come back to it and live again the old life beside the pond. And then there was Joan!

"Sell up!" he whispered. "Uncle, is there no way out of it? Can't you—can't you raise money on it or let it for a time?"

"I was thinking of Joan," replied his uncle. "She must have money for her schooling and expenses."

"I was thinking of Joan, too," said Tom, impulsively. "I want her to keep this. I want her always to have this home to live in. I'm young and strong, and there must be an opportunity in the world for those who really have an object in view; I hadn't much in view till now. I mean to work for Joan. She's such a dear little kid."

His uncle came across and put his hand on the boy's shoulders.

"That's absolutely true, Tom. The world is rich with opportunity. But you've got to fight and fight upwards, never admitting defeat, and when you get hit hard in the mouth, grin back and start in again. I've got faith in you, laddie. Never let me lose it. As for the house, we won't let it go yet. We'll find a way out. Joan is going to school on Saturday. After that you and I start work."

"On the airship?"

"Yes, on the airship."

They saw Joan off at the station, her brave little heart refusing to be downcast at the parting, and then Tom set to with his packing. Two days later he said good-bye to the garden and the things there, and started off to his new life.

Could he have foreseen the future he would have been stricken dumb with amazement, for locked up in it were such adventures as had never before been known in this world.

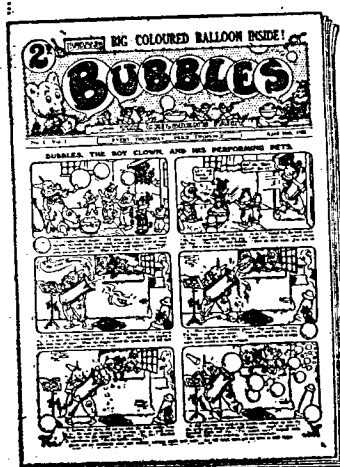
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## Five-Minute Story

### Dick's Flower

WHEN Dennis Strong sent home his first parcel from Madagascar to the little cottage where his aunt and cousin Dick lived, among the embroideries and other treasures there was a small tin box containing a little root growing on a chip of stone.

Dick loved flowers. Often he and Dennis had watched together the gardeners at Mr. Ede's nurseries. Dick wished he were a gardener himself that he might know how to plant his new treasure. However, he did his best, and he placed it in the sunniest corner of his bedroom.

The queer root seemed to like Dick's treatment, for it soon showed a tiny shoot, and Dick was delighted. He collected bits of glass and cemented them together, and made a case for it.

Then came the day when the bud unfolded—a beautiful waxen bloom, pale yellow splashed with deep yellow and blue, like a delicate butterfly; and its scent made the whole cottage fragrant.

But Dick's happiness was soon turned to sorrow, for his mother fell ill and the doctor said she must have nourishing food, and Dick knew there was no money to buy it.

As he stood at the cottage gate, feeling desperate, Mr. Ede's carts went by, carrying flowers to the big town, and Dick suddenly thought, "I could sell my plant!"

The thought of parting was dreadful—he loved his plant so much; but he ran quickly and fetched it; and with sad heart hurried to the nurseries.

Mr. Ede himself was in the office, and his eye quickly fell on Dick's flower.

"Hullo, sonnie! How did you come by that?" he asked.

"Cousin Dennis sent it from Madagascar, sir—a bit of root growing on a stone."

"And you've raised it from that?"

"Yes, sir. And Mother's ill, and I want to buy things for her, and I thought perhaps you'd let your cart take my plant to town to sell."

"How much do you want for it?" asked Mr. Ede.

"Will you tell me what it's worth?"

"It's worth a lot of money, my boy," said Mr. Ede. "I will buy it myself. Here are ten shillings to take with you, and I'll come to see your mother tomorrow."

Dick's joy was great as he raced back to cheer his mother. But it was greater still next day when Mr. Ede came. He said that Dick's flower was a rare orchid, and had been very cleverly grown; and he gave Dick twenty pounds and offered to teach him to be a gardener, for Dick, he said, had the true gardener's hand.

There was great joy in Dick's cottage, and one thought comforted him greatly. He would not, after all, be really parted from his beloved flower.





# There is Fun in Everything if We Can Find It

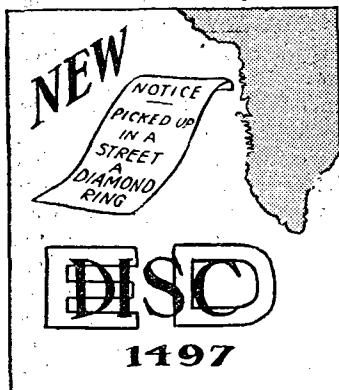


## DR MERRYMAN

"WHAT do they sell in that last garage besides petrol, father?" inquired a small boy, as his father's car crawled painfully along.

"Besides, my boy? You mean 'instead of,'" was his parent's disgusted reply, as he tried to get more speed out of his car.

### Events in History



What famous event in British history does this picture represent? *Solution next week*

### The Domesticated Rook

THERE once was a clever young rook who learned to read from a book. He also learned frying, And washing and drying, And now he is learning to cook.

### Playground Problem

FOUR boys—Tom, Harry, Jim, and Bob—start from the school doorway to walk round a circular playground whose circumference is exactly a mile. Tom walks five miles an hour, Harry four miles an hour, Jim three miles, and Bob two miles. When will all four meet at the starting point? *Answer next week*

### Shanks's Pony

"FATHER, I need a new riding habit," exclaimed Miss Twenty-One. "Sorry, my dear, but I cannot afford it," returned her father. "But what am I to do without a riding habit, Father?" "Get the walking habit, my girl."



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

OFF to the Zoo young Marmaduke With Gussie went one day. They fed with nuts the monkeys, And the elephants with hay; And then upon old Jumbo's back They thought they'd have a ride, And so to make old Jumbo move, More quick those youngsters tried. They hit poor Jumbo on the ears, I'm very grieved to say, But for such tricks as this, I'm told, All children have to pay. Old Jumbo took them in his trunk And tossed them in the air, And then he rolled them in the mud And left them lying there.

### Is Your Name Walsh?

WALSH and Welsh are from an Old English word meaning foreigner, and probably the holders of the name are descended from Ancient Britons or from Normans, who were regarded by the Saxons as foreigners.

WHICH is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard?

The pig, because he is killed and then cured.

### Sad Tale of a Pigtail

THERE lived a sage in days of yore, And he a handsome pigtail wore; But wondered much, and sorrowed more, Because it hung behind him. He mused upon this curious case, And swore he'd change the pigtail's place, And have it hanging at his face, Not dangling there behind him. Says he, "The mystery I've found, I'll turn me round"—he turned him round, But still it hung behind him.

WHAT is the difference between a hen and a musician who plays in his spare time?

One lays at pleasure, and the other plays at leisure.

### Puzzle Sentence

CAN you read this sentence?

To be  
a a a a a a a a  
t C r l i o f U I S e s  
standing,

is the mark of a mean

*Solution next week*

### Share and Share Alike

GEORGE was taught to go shares with his brother, But once when he said to his mother, "You gave me a smack, So I gave one to Jack," She immediately gave him another.

WHY is the figure nine like a peacock?

Because without a tail it is nothing.

### Mark Twain and the Negro

ONCE when Mark Twain was going out to dinner he told his negro servant not to wait in, but to lock up the house and leave the key under a certain stone near the door. Late at night Mark Twain arrived home and felt under the stone, but no key was there. He hunted everywhere near, but without success, and was compelled to tramp to his servant's cottage and knock him up.

It was a quarter of an hour or more before Sam could be awakened; but when at last he answered, and was asked what he had done with the key, he replied with a knowing smile:

"Oh, massa, I found a better place for it," and proceeded to tell the irate Mark where he had hidden it.

WHY should a dunce study the letter P before going in for an examination?

Because it makes an ass pass.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### The Missing Letter

Insert the letter e and you have the following sentence: Persevere, ye perfect men; ever keep these precepts ten.

#### Catch Question

There cannot be a triangle unless one side is less than the other two together.

#### What Am I?

The ivory note on a piano.

#### Who Was He?

The Boy Sculptor was Antonio Canova.

## Jacko Hangs the Pictures

NOBODY loves spring-cleaning more than Jacko's mother. And nobody hates it more than his father.

Every year, as soon as the daffodils appear, Mother Jacko gets busy, and for weeks the house is turned upside-down.

Jacko doesn't mind. The busier his mother is the less time she has to look after him, and the more opportunities he has for getting into mischief.

Besides, spring-cleaning time generally comes in the Easter holidays, and Jacko is free to be as good or as wicked as the mood seizes him.

One morning, as he was running out of the house, his mother called him.

"The kitchen window won't open," she said. "The sash-line's broken. I wish you'd call and ask Mr. Jones to come in."

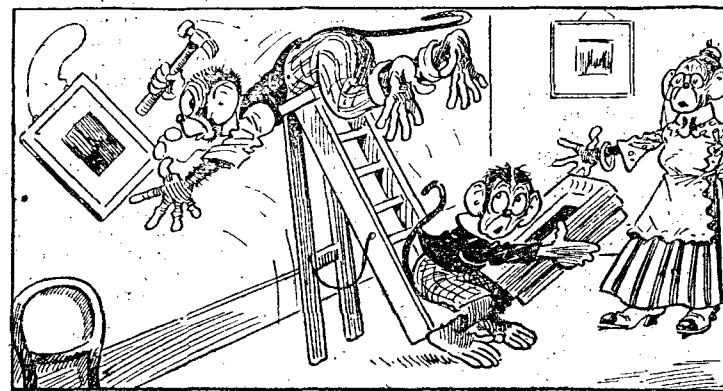
Mr. Jones was the village carpenter. Jacko found him smoking his pipe in the back garden. He was sprawling in a deck chair, with his eyes shut. He kept them shut while Jacko delivered his message; then he said in a sleepy voice: "Too busy!"

Jacko nearly exploded; and so did his mother when he got home again and told her.

"The lazy wretch!" she said.

"I believe I could do it, Mater," said Jacko.

"No, you don't!" said Mother Jacko quickly. "You've broken quite enough windows already. If you want to make



"Look out! What are you doing?" shouted Jacko's father

yourself useful, you can help your father to hang up the pictures. He's going to start after dinner."

"I didn't know I was!" muttered Father Jacko, looking up from his paper.

"Come on, Dad!" cried Jacko. "Let's do 'em now!"

His father sighed. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up with a resigned air, while Jacko went off for the steps. When he got back, his father was rolling up his sleeves.

"Now, my lad," he said, "hop up! I'll hand you the pictures, and you shall hang them up!"

Jacko hopped. He leaned over to grab the cord, missed it, and down fell the frame on Father's gouty toe!

"You idiot!" shouted his father, hopping round on one leg. "You great, stupid, clumsy donkey! Get down!"

Down came Jacko and up climbed Father.

"Now then," he said, "give me up that picture. That's right—drop it and smash the glass!"

"I couldn't help it!" said Jacko. "How could I know the cord was broken? Shall I mend it?"

"No!" roared his father. "Give it to me!"

Just then the dog came in. He caught sight of the dangling cord, leapt up at it, and caught it between his teeth.

"Drop it!" cried Jacko, lurching over.

"Look out!" shouted his father. "What are you doing?"

Bump! Over went the steps, and the next moment Father and Jacko were rolling in a heap on the floor.

## Ici on Parle Français



La serrure Les noisettes Un éperon

On met la clef dans la serrure  
Tout le monde aime les noisettes  
Le cheval n'aime pas l'éperon



La haie Le castor Le ceinturon

Un bon cheval franchit cette haie  
Le castor construit un barrage  
Le soldat porte un ceinturon

## Notes and Queries

Who was the Sage of Chelsea? Thomas Carlyle, who lived in Chelsea.

What does Appoggiato mean? This is an Italian word used as a musical term, and means dwelt upon or drawn out.

What is a Foot Ton? A unit by which an amount of work is reckoned. It consists of lifting one ton a foot from the ground.

What is a Swan Song? An old tradition says that the swan sings just before it dies, and from this legend the last speech of a retiring politician or official is called his swan song.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Peter's Half-Crown

PETER was in luck. Uncle Peter—Big Peter, as Dad-die called him—had paid them a visit that day, and as he had gone out of the garden gate he had slipped half-a-crown into Peter's chubby little hand.

It was not often that Peter had a whole half-crown to spend.

Of course he had presents on birthdays and very special occasions, but then someone else did the choosing. This time Peter could choose for himself.

It was very exciting. As he ran back to the house, holding the big piece of money tightly in his hand, he was wondering what he should buy. There were so many things he wanted that it was difficult to decide.

The very first minute he was alone he ran out of the house.

The town where the shops were was a mile away, and by the time Peter got there he was feeling rather tired. He wouldn't have been if he hadn't hurried so; but if he didn't hurry he was afraid they might miss him and come after him, and he wanted so very much to be quite alone. It wouldn't be half the fun to have someone saying, "I should buy this, Peter," or "I should buy that," all the time.

But nobody came, and Peter wandered round the toy-shop windows, wanting everything that he saw.

Suddenly he thought of the half-crown. But when he felt for it in his pocket he got a terrible shock. *It had gone!*

It would take too long to tell how he searched and



He got a terrible shock

searched for it, but all in vain, and it was a sad little Peter who at last went slowly back home again.

When his mother met him at the gate, and said, "Why, Peter, where have you been?" he didn't answer.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "And what's making you limp like that?"

Then Peter looked up. "There's something in my shoe," he said.

He unbuttoned it as he spoke and kicked it off.

*Out rolled the lost half-crown!*



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 9, 1921

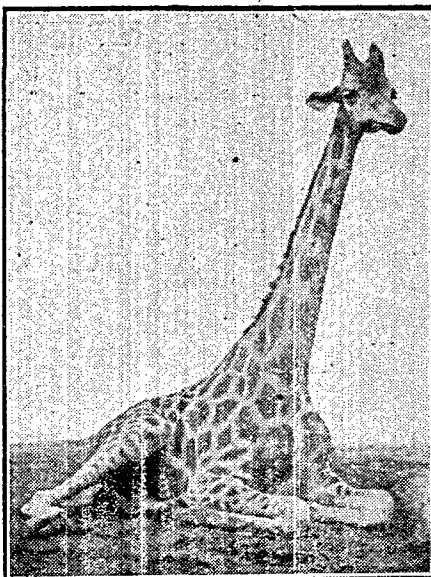
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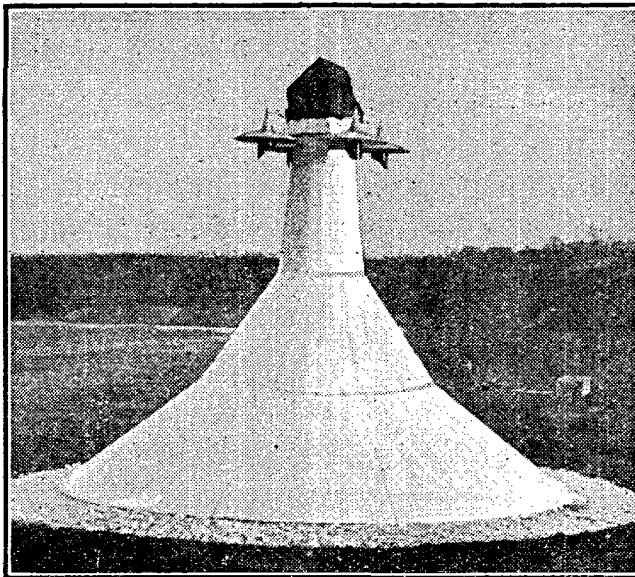
## GIRAFFE TAKES A SEAT • DUCKS GO ON PARADE • DIVER AT WORK IN LONDON



**A Morning Greeting in the Park**—A lady shakes hands with a little squirrel friend in Regent's Park, London, where these pretty animals have become very tame



**The Giraffe Takes up a Graceful Attitude**—Though this giraffe is sitting down it manages to hold its head very high in the air



**An Airman's Beacon**—The new night-sign for airmen at Croydon. Powerful electric lights shine down on the white cone, which then presents a very brilliant appearance to an observer above



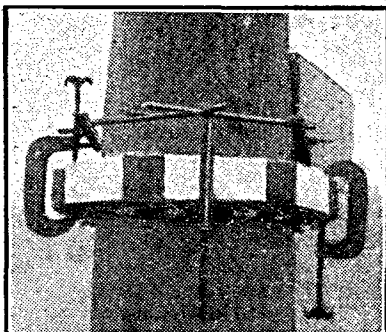
**A Young Competitor**—This little Pekingese was the smallest competitor at the recent dog show at Ranelagh



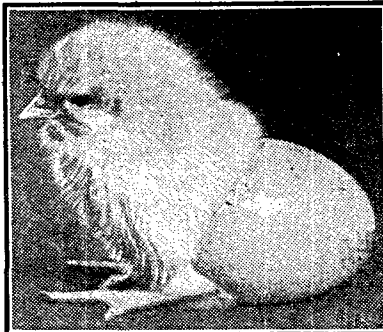
**Ducks Go On Parade**—These two ducks, Joe and Billy, are the mascots of the Royal Engineers, at the Signal Training Centre at Maresfield Park, and turn out with the men on parade, as shown in this photograph. The men get a great deal of fun out of their feathered companions



**End of the Straw Hat**—It has just been announced that the straw hat has been abolished from the Navy. See page 2



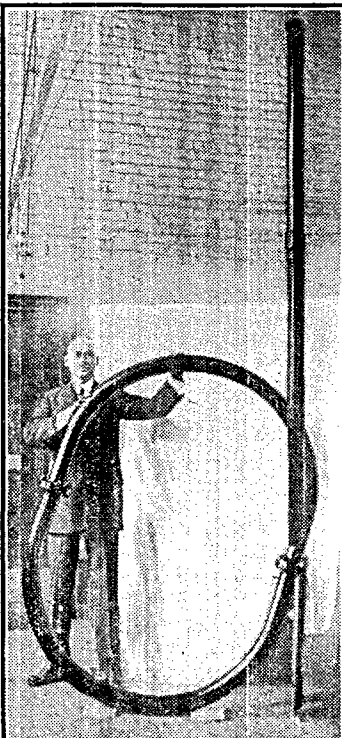
**Testing the Growth**—This new device, called a dendograph, records on a cylinder the rate of growth of a tree trunk



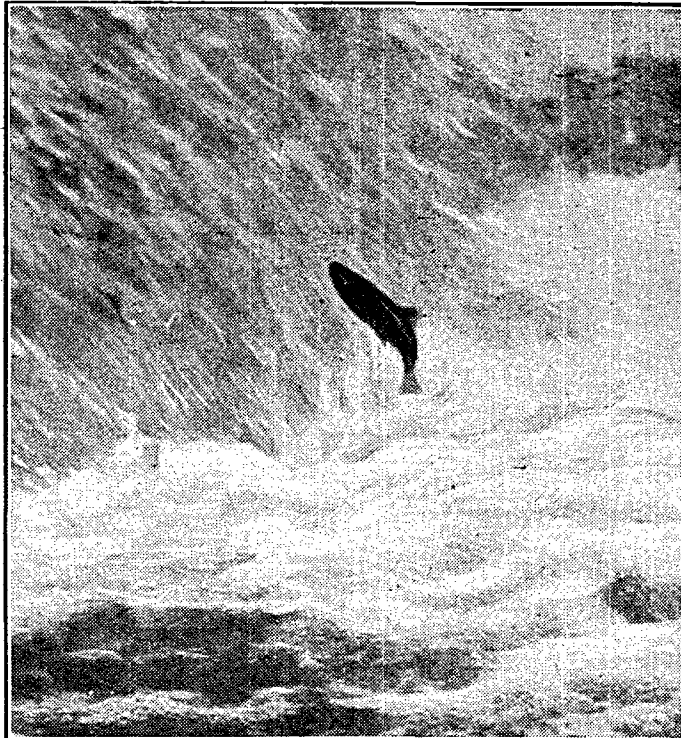
**Who Said Census?**—This visitor has just arrived to swell the growing number of chickens in the country



**A Diver at Work in London**—It is not often a diver is found at work in London, but this man was recently seen going down into the Thames near Westminster Bridge to examine the place where the old pier stood



**A Rocket for the Moon**—Professor Goddard of Massachusetts, who is to fire at the moon, with his apparatus



**Trout Takes a High Jump**—This remarkable snapshot shows a trout taking a big leap at Teddington Weir, on the River Thames, which is not many miles from London